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Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will publish the second of Mr. H. Fielding-Hall's articles, "The New Delhi"; also "The Meaning of M. Bergson's Success", by M. Dimnet.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Government has had another agonising blow—that is the plain result of Leith Burghs. Explanations, as at Bethnal Green, are readily produced. By the simple device of adding the Labour vote to the Liberal vote a majority for the Government is counted. The reckoners do not explain why so many electors have grown careless about letting Unionist members into the House of Commons rather than vote Liberal. All these elections already show a general vague disgust with the Government. This disgust takes various ways of expression; but it consistently takes the way of reducing Mr. Asquith's majority in the House of Commons.

Mr. Asquith on Tuesday seemed to be talking less to the Opposition, assuredly less to the country, than to his own people. Having taken the heart out of them at the start of the session, he tried on Tuesday to put it back. He spoke like a party manager. He would not, he said, hoist the "white flag of surrender". The Government, he said, were not going to offer terms because they felt "in any sense driven to abandon the proposals" of the Home Rule Bill. What is the use to-day of words like these? They go counter to the King's Speech, and to Mr. Asquith's own admissions.

Mr. Asquith tells us that he has his proposals ready. Yet he tells us, again, that we must wait until the financial business is cleared away before he will utter them. The "appropriate occasion for the presentation of our suggestions", he says, is when the Irish Bill comes up for second reading just before the Easter recess. Mr. Asquith admits that this plan very naturally tries the patience equally of supporters and opponents. Yet he chooses this plan for no perceptible reason, except that he will not be "browbeaten and

bustled". There has been no browbeating or bustling in this matter—merely a request, moderately put, for information.

"Utterly trivial" was Mr. Bonar Law's perfectly just description of Mr. Asquith's speech. The House and the country are still left commenting at hazard upon Mr. Asquith's words. Does he mean to offer the exclusion of Ulster? Sometimes he implies it: sometimes he does not. Mr. Bonar Law again faced the Prime Minister, searching keenly for an answer. Never has the direct and searching quality of Mr. Bonar Law's speaking seemed so effective as when he has been meeting the Prime Minister this session. Mr. Bonar Law knows that he has a right to be answered. "Surely the time for trifling is gone."

"I loathe hypocrisy", exclaimed Mr. Illingworth, with a ring of passion in his speech, at Bradford—he was reproving the House of Lords for setting up a Marconi Committee. Are not the political Nonconformists, who pretend they want to disendow the Church for the Church's good, hypocrites then? Are not Radicals who plead for coerced small nations, such as Finland and the Balkan States, and who all the same vote at the crack of the party whip for the coercion of Ulster, hypocrites? Are not Cabinet Ministers who shed tears on many platforms over wicked rich Tories' meanness to "pore" people, and then go away and themselves invest thousands of pounds in public companies, hypocrites? But it is the old tale—so easy to see the mote of hypocrisy in your enemy's eye, so hard to see the beam in your own!

"I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honours more."

without doubt does express the feeling towards politics, and public life generally, of a section of men who go to Westminster. And Lord Selborne and Lord Milner are quite right in their earnest wish to check the evil and stop the barter of honours—of "honours in dishonour rooted". All success to their endeavours!

At the same time the thing is often exaggerated in

club talk and gossip at dinner parties and in sub-editorial rooms. A public man of real weight and knowledge, who was once a Whip himself in the Commons—and thoroughly understood this question—has told the writer that politics at the House of Commons is really not nearly so venal as commonly represented in more or less loose talk. "All men have their price" sounds so wise and true. Actually it is a shallow and cheap generality. Many peerages have been bought and sold; but, on the other hand, we are glad to think that there are plenty of men—on both sides—in the House of Commons who go there and work there without thought of social or of mercenary gain—Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Labour Members, Socialists alike.

We hope the Opposition—that anyone in the House of Commons who cares for straight dealing and the honour of a brave man—are not going to let Mr. Lewis Harcourt shirk explaining exactly how and why Richard Corfield was sacrificed at Dul Madoba. In Tuesday's debate upon late events in Somaliland Mr. Harcourt simply shuffled from the point. Let us clearly state the suspicion under which Mr. Harcourt and his colleagues lie in this affair. We definitely uttered this suspicion on the 18th of October last. The SATURDAY REVIEW was first to express a feeling of repulsion for Mr. Harcourt's blue-book; and later, when Corfield's friends had come to his defence in the "Morning Post", and when we had read all the documents, the grounds for this repulsion were very clearly set forth. We now repeat them. They are based upon Mr. Harcourt's own official papers. Only Mr. Harcourt can explain their contradictions and remove the extremely unpleasant impression they convey. On Tuesday he did not begin to do so.

All the documents of this affair suggest that Corfield acted officially under one set of orders, but was expected to understand another. Mr. Harcourt talks simply of his "disobedience"; of his being a sort of policeman, and of his acting, disobediently, as a soldier. This evades the charge—namely, that Corfield was systematically encouraged to believe that his official orders were only for show, and that he was in reality expected to act as the event and his discretion dictated. In May, 1913, for example, Corfield was commended for "excellent work". This "excellent work" included successful military operations against raiders in December of the previous year. To contend, as Mr. Harcourt contends, that Corfield, after being commended for military action, was at Burao merely as a policeman, is disingenuous. It needs explaining.

Then, too, Mr. Harcourt must explain his own personal shuffling as it is plainly written in the blue-book. Corfield was at Burao with official sanction. The Colonial Office knew he was there, and had made no objections. This was before Corfield engaged the dervishes at Dul Madoba. After Dul Madoba Mr. Harcourt was asked in the House of Commons: "Can the Right Hon. Gentleman explain why the camel corps came to be so many miles from the coast?" Mr. Harcourt answered: "No, sir. I cannot". Surely this requires a commentary. Before Dul Madoba Corfield was at Burao with Mr. Harcourt's approval. After Dul Madoba Mr. Harcourt cannot explain why Corfield was there.

Mr. Harcourt apologised on Tuesday for having to give the House "convincing proofs" of Corfield's disobedience. But he has done nothing of the kind; and, until he does so, his "anxiety to save Corfield's memory from censure" has an unfortunate appearance. Pending Mr. Harcourt's explanation, every public servant and every public man will in his heart echo without misgiving every generous word of Sir Mark Sykes in Tuesday's debate. Men like Richard Corfield—men like Clive—have, in Sir Mark Sykes's phrase, "handled the Empire for us". Sir Mark Sykes speaks to more than a mere amendment in the

House of Commons. He speaks to every English mind that can perceive where honour really is due.

Meantime, Corfield is politically justified in that the Government which censured him has stolen his plans for Somaliland. The Camelry is to be raised to 500; and Burao, which the Government proclaims Corfield should have abandoned, is to be permanently held. This, of course, is only a beggarly minimum—the least that the Government could do, or that Corfield ever dared hope. Mr. Harcourt's policy, in the broad sense, is just to wait for the Mullah's shoes. It is, he confesses, weary work. But courage! "The Mullah is an old man in an advanced stage of dropsy." Surely it is impolitic in Mr. Harcourt to depreciate the Mullah in this way. The Mullah is, at any rate, more than a match for the forces of the British Empire as they are administered by this mean, censorious Government.

Mr. Seely has at any rate learned how to count aeroplanes. He now admits that in order to have 100 instantly ready for use it is necessary to have at least a total of 200. He also admits that old models have continually to be knocked off, the whole service requiring to be renewed every two years. This is better calculation than Mr. Seely's performance of last session. He has cleared his head sufficiently to prove, incidentally, that last session he grossly exaggerated our strength in the air. He told the House last summer that we had 100 aeroplanes ready for service. As soon as the House rose, he knocked off 28 of these as obsolete. Last year he was either misleading the House, or he did not know how to reckon. We are not satisfied with Mr. Seely's statement this week, or with his plans for the air. But there is an improvement.

It seems the authorities have decided entirely to re-arrange the fourth arm. The military wing is to run the aeroplanes; the naval wing is to run the airships and the sea-planes. Does this mean that the War Office will not be able to commandeer airships in time of war—that they will be entirely at the service of the Fleet? We wonder whether the Government has considered the advantage of running the fourth arm—naval and military—as a distinct department. If the fourth arm continues to develop at anything like the present rate, it will not always be an auxiliary service. It will have a genius, a tradition, and a personnel of its own; and it will have to be independently run.

We are glad that Mr. Seely is at last alive to the importance of aeroplanes. As to their value for scouting, Mr. Seely was quite explicit: "One was sometimes told by those who did not understand the subject that if a man in an aeroplane was near enough to the ground to see what was below him he would be brought down by the guns or rifles of the enemy. That was a complete delusion. At the height of 5,000 feet one could see quite clearly on an ordinary day every detail of the landscape, not only roads and hedges, but whether there were two horses or one horse in a cart or wagon, and men could be seen walking along the streets of a town. If an army without aeroplanes was faced by an army with aeroplanes, and if things were anything like equal in other respects, the commander of the army without aeroplanes was doomed."

The risks of flying are undoubtedly exaggerated in popular imagination. Since July of last year the military wing of the Royal Flying Corps alone has flown over 100,000 miles. There have been only six days of this period when flying has not taken place; and there has not been one fatal accident to an officer or man. It cannot now be maintained that flying in war will be as dangerous for the pilots as for the armies over which they fly. When gunpowder had reached this stage—the stage of being less dangerous to the man working the gun than to the man against whom it was directed—a revolution of the art of war was at hand. We cannot exaggerate England's necessity to be level with other Powers in becoming skilful and strong in this great new military and naval power.

Mr. Lloyd George—who has not yet apologised for his false accusation against the Duke of Montrose—indulged in some cheap rhetoric on the Insurance Act when challenged in the House of Commons on Wednesday. No doubt it is very amusing to say that the Tory policy is "Back to the workhouse"; but it is pointless. Mr. George is driven more and more to defend an Act which was rushed through Parliament and which many of his party detest as losing them votes everywhere. But he declines to dissolve by a clear statement the growing suspicion that the Act is financially unsound, and he is unable to accept the suggestion that national insurance, like personal insurance, should be voluntary.

The Act may be a good thing, but it is one of those good things which nobody wants to accept by force. It is the more extraordinary that the Liberals have not realised this, seeing it is their doctrine that it is better to be self-governed than well governed.

The nine men from South Africa first refused and then consented to land in England. They have since been entertained by the British Labour Party at the House of Commons, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's welcome to the Syndicalists whom he has denounced was, for him, embarrassing. Nor can so loyal a supporter of the Government greatly have enjoyed the singing of the "Red Flag" with which his colleagues welcomed their guests at Gravesend. Left to himself, Mr. MacDonald would probably have dispensed with the dinner to the Syndicalists at the House of Commons. It was openly criticised by many of his fellow-members as an outrage on political decorum; but a Labour leader in these days must go as he is driven, so long as it is not in the direction of independence of the Government.

The future of the deportees is a problem of some delicacy for the Labour Party. They have no resources, and the funds which have been collected for them in this country would hardly keep them for more than a few weeks. Will they be invited to enter Parliament for a livelihood? Or will they be accepted as co-workers on the Trade Unions? They do not seem very well to fit into these places. Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Poutsma would be uncomfortable partners.

The Imperial Naturalisation Bill shortly to be introduced is a non-contentious measure. Clearly it is absurd that a man may be a naturalised British subject in one part of the Empire and still remain an alien in another; yet this is one of those absurdities that cannot be prevented when practically independent Dominions legislate on the same subject at different times and with different objects. The anomaly was discussed at the last Imperial Conference, and the present Bill, which is the first step towards uniformity in this respect, is the fruit of official negotiations in the past two years. It is a real step towards closer union, and it comes opportunely at a time when the Dominions are making their regulations as to restriction of immigration more stringent.

Mr. Benton's death brings the diplomatic position to a head in Mexico. Sir E. Grey leaves it to President Wilson to act directly; and equally in Washington and London action is impatiently expected. Clearly, if neither explanation nor redress can be obtained for the killing of a British subject, the position is beyond diplomatic resource. Sir E. Grey promises to make a full statement next week in the House of Commons.

The L.C.C. has been polishing its Latin. The first mention of London in history is by Tacitus in Book XIV. of the "Annals", who describes it as undistinguished by the name of a colony, but a highly important business centre. At this period (A.D. 61) the country had risen with Boadicea, and Suetonius, after penetrating with difficulty to London, decided to leave it with all who would join his small force. "Those who were kept there by the weakness of their

sex, or the infirmity of age, or the charm of the place (si quos imbellis sexus aut fessa ætas vel loci dulcedo attinuerat) were cut off by the enemy." Out of this passage the General Purposes Committee of the L.C.C. has made a motto, "Loci dulcedo nos attinet", which did not meet with universal approval last Tuesday. It does not strike us as particularly happy, nor do we think the L.C.C. is exactly the body to talk about the "charm of London".

It should not have been necessary for Dr. Terry to appeal to lovers of Bach's music for support in his enterprise at Westminster Cathedral Hall. But, as he pointed out during the last concert of the first series on Tuesday evening, each concert has been at a loss, the average being, we calculate, about £14. That is more than a conductor should be asked to bear. Dr. Terry does not ask for charitable aid to his scheme. He does not want guarantors. These last, indeed, come forward readily enough when, as is the case with the provincial festivals, a margin of profit is a foregone conclusion; they are less eager with regard to less firmly established institutions. Moreover, should a loss occur, the guarantors have a fascinating way of deducting their proportion of it from the subscriptions they usually send to the local charities for which the concerts are given.

Dr. Terry simply asks for more subscribers; and he wants those who pay to attend and hear their money's worth; he wants his Bach concerts to be honestly self-supporting. He rightly thinks a conductor should not have to do his own clerical work, not arrange his own band-stands and music. Surely there is a sufficient number of the musical in London to keep in a healthy financial condition the one means there is nowadays of hearing Bach's chamber works and such glorious specimens of his church music as "Nun ist das Heil" and the Magnificat so beautifully sung the other night.

When Monsignor Benson said in a lecture on novelists lately that the Brontës' work gave him nightmares and that he was unable to read Scott at all, there was laughter from the audience. It is a terribly accurate saying about the loud laugh and the vacant mind—Pope never got down surer to the bare bones of the truth. Scott may be voted dull by readers of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine, but people who know about these things know him for a giant. People who distinctly do not know about these things say he is old-fashioned—that his books are about people and forms that are dead and forgotten. Similarly, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Clive are of no account to-day—they have been dead too long.

The truth about Scott, of course, is that he was a huge writer, a creator of immortal characters and stories. There are scenes in "The Bride of Lammermoor", "Redgauntlet", "St. Ronan's Well"—by no means his best books—full of the freshness that never fades. In the first-named, for example, what a splendid clash, what liveness and realness, are in the duel scene between Bucklaw and the Master! Or who could rival, for romance, the scene in "Redgauntlet" when "black Colin Campbell" appears at the close of the Wanderer's adventure? Not to be able to read Scott—imagine inability to read "Guy Mannering"—is a man's obvious misfortune; but to read Scott and find him a dull writer—which one is sure Monsignor Benson is incapable of—is it not perilously near confessing oneself a dunce?

Sir John Tenniel, for so many years—with Leech and Keene—the glory of "Punch", was a great cartoonist. It was his strength that he never gave up to party what was good for mankind. He may not have been quite so superb a black and white artist as Keene, but even to this day his work can move us as we turn over old volumes of "Punch". His motive in work was pure, and his character benign and delightful. Altogether an illustrious and excellent Englishman.



## LEADING ARTICLES.

## CHEQUES AND CORONETS.

**L**ORD SELBORNE'S motion will do good. Even if nothing further comes of it the Lords' debate on the traffic in honours is far from an academic futility. It sends a cold, wholesome blast through the dark underground places where the fungi of the peerage and baronetage are bred. The sale of honours will, of course, go on, in default of really honest and vigorous co-operation by all parties to stop it. But for some time to come there will be more caution and decency. The most cynical party manager cannot wholly disregard an awakening public opinion.

Cant is not a characteristic failing of the Peers, and there was no touch of unctuous rectitude in the debate. The evil Lord Selborne attacked is a grave and growing evil. It threatens, if unchecked, to effect a permanent debasement in our public life. It sets up a double standard of morality. A party manager, perfectly honourable in his private life, will do in the name of party things of which a bogus auctioneer would be ashamed. But he does them, not because he would, but because he must. Neither side is innocent, or can be while party finance rests on its present basis. But we think that Radical Whips have carried the sale of honours to a pitch of cynicism never before attained, and Mr. Illingworth seems to be an apt pupil of that great artist in small intrigue. It is surely a fine achievement to shovel in the course of eight years sixty-three barons—a sixth part of the whole order—into that House which the poor Radical longs to destroy and the rich Radical to adorn. Lord Crewe's affectation of bland innocence was a little overdone. No doubt it is literally true that the Prime Minister has never made party contributions a ground for admission to the Honours List. Things are not done in that way. Everybody knows that there is an elaborate etiquette studiously framed to keep the chief of an administration in virgin ignorance of such matters. The right hand of the Prime Minister may have some shrewd suspicion of what the left hand of the Chief Whip is doing. But officially all this business is a mystery to him. He takes it for granted that there is some good reason why the fountain of honour should flow on the overgrown grocer, the bloated tobacconist, the lord of many tea-shops, or the aspiring provincial mayor. Details he would rather not know. No one supposes the Whip's list is submitted with the "consideration" set out in red ink, and the equivalent dignity in capital letters. The evil, in short, is not that the Prime Minister knows too much, but that he knows too little. Lord Murray's Marconi confession must be set off against Lord Crewe's disclaimer.

The Radical conscience, uneasy concerning the "Achilles heel" of the party, seeks consolation in the assumption that the huckstering of honours is after all a venial matter. It may be an undignified necessity, but it avoids the real evils of corruption. In America, wealthy men expect a "pull" in return for their contributions. Here the generous plutocrat is paid by a ribbon or a patent, which squares the account for good and all. Our party managers prey on vanity: American millionaires establish a permanent hold on policy. That is simply not true. Lord Selborne was guilty of no exaggeration when he pointed to the alliance of the plutocrat and the caucus as one of the menacing dangers of the time. The rich men expect to influence policy, and they do influence it, as has been seen in the carefully engineered "revolt" against the Naval Estimates—a purely artificial movement on the part of moneyed Radicals. But even assuming the justice of this argument, it betrays a hopeless lack of imagination. It ignores altogether the moral mischief wrought by a confusion of values and standards. That, after all, is the main count in the indictment against the system of sordid barter. In theory the Honours List should include men of every kind of

merit. Success in industry and business—success of the right kind—is of course worthy of recognition. Interest in a political party is no disqualification; in some circumstances there can be no worthier application of money. No reasonable person objects to wealth as wealth, or to honest partisanship. But people do complain—or they sneer—when the King is made, in effect, to say two or three times a year: "I have diligently searched my realm for men I wish to honour. I have found certain admirable Army and Navy officers, and certain diligent and efficient civil servants. An actor or two, a scientist, an accidental author have I also found. As for most of the rest—well, I hesitate to describe them. But they are known to be rich, and they have never been in prison, and on the whole they are my adviser's notion of the best that is in England." It would be disastrous if people took the Honours List quite seriously, and adopted its standard without reservation. Of course nobody does that, but what happens is almost as bad. Men have got into the habit of regarding the whole business of honours as in the main a gigantic sham. They tick off the few genuine distinctions, and assume that the rest represent cash down payments. Is it mere coincidence that the systematic degradation of the Honours List has been accompanied by a marked change in the temper of English democracy, a cynical distrust of all chieftainship and authority?

The Chief Whip is, by common consent, the villain of the piece. But he is only "villain on necessity", all that he is evil in by a divine or rather diabolic thrusting on. "Whips", says Lord Selborne, "are no more depraved than other people". They are only human, and the angels could hardly fight against their temptations. Money is as much a necessary condition of party politics to-day as it was when a Whig Duke bought up boroughs by the dozen. The Whip's business is to win; and to win he must have money. He is absolute where the funds are concerned; he works in profound secrecy; there is none to ask questions. He must of course always have a large discretion. It is agreed that it would be absurd to make generosity towards the party exchequer a positive disqualification for honours. But, faced with the necessity of getting money somehow, it is only natural that an ambitious and energetic man should fail to discern the line between the legitimate and the illegitimate. If prudent, he will take ample care to avoid actual scandal. But he will always sail as close to the wind as possible. It is only a step from the acceptance of a large sum on the tacit assumption that the fountain of honour will flow some time to a definite solicitation of money on the express understanding that the fountain will flow within three or six months. There is no sale in the strict sense. But a rich man who pays his price is pretty well as sure of the delivery of the goods as a gambler is of the ultimate discharge of a debt of honour.

The remedy is less obvious than the evil. Something could be done, by the co-operation of statesmen on both sides, to soften the more scandalous features of the traffic. Perhaps the most hopeful suggestion relates to the dissipation of the mist which veils the administration of party funds. The public will hereafter suspect more than the truth if these transactions continue to be needlessly mysterious. It is difficult to see any real objection to the publication of regular balance-sheets showing the source of contributions and the manner of expenditure. The Nationalists and the Labour Party already do it. There is nothing to be ashamed of in giving largely to a party, no need to blush if such contributions are ultimately acknowledged under a frankly party system. The honest politician need not be embarrassed by publicity. But it would put a stop to really demoralising tendencies. Rich outsiders would not, as now, be able to acquire titles by a process scarcely distinguishable from naked purchase. The *ad hoc* gift would go, and that is the main element of degradation. There is all the difference between the reward of long party service and the barter of a coronet for a big cheque.



## THE DANGER OF DELAY.

MR. ASQUITH, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, again attempted to combine in the same speech the obstinacy of a partisan with counsels of moderation and conciliation. He could not have adopted a more effective means to show the weakness of his position. The danger which has alarmed serious men of all parties since last summer is brought appreciably nearer by this debate. It is evidently the intention of many Liberal members to treat the resistance of Ulster as a matter that can be crushed without difficulty by troops. These Radicals are using the word "riots". The idea of civil war is scouted. Whether this is a genuine expression of opinion or whether it is a desperate endeavour to push the party game to its extreme we do not know. But nothing is more likely to lead to the catastrophe which all are anxious to avoid. Minimising the risk lessens the chance of securing the only concession by which it can be avoided. It is wilful blindness, in face of 100,000 troops, organised, disciplined, drilled and armed, to talk of "riots".

Mr. Asquith must make his followers understand the peril to the whole country and to the Empire. In his anxiety to prevent a handful of extremists from breaking away from the Liberal Party he is playing with our national security. A collision between the Ulster troops and the civil authorities may happen at any time. Sir Edward Carson's desire that the military preparations shall be kept secret is being carefully obeyed. As Mr. Bonar Law has pointed out, if the police or the agents of the Government intrude upon the Ulster Volunteer Camps to obtain information, and attempt to force their way in, there will be a collision. At any time Mr. Asquith may find himself faced with the alternative of ordering the suppression of the Ulster Volunteer Force or of admitting his helplessness to control the position in Ireland. Hitherto the Irish Constabulary have acted with great tact in difficult circumstances. But a single error of judgment may put Mr. Asquith in such a position that he must choose between suppressing rebellion or resignation. Indeed, if the Government intend to rely upon force for the solution of their Irish dilemma, there is only one logical course open to them—a course which it was their duty to adopt so soon as the reality of Ulster's resistance became apparent. Sir Edward Carson has always readily accepted the responsibility for Ulster's resistance. Mr. Bonar Law has equally acknowledged his responsibility in aiding and abetting that resistance. If Mr. Asquith intends to put down Ulster by force, his first duty is to arrest Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law and charge them with criminal conspiracy. Logically there is no other way. That half the nation are parties to the conspiracy may add to Mr. Asquith's difficulties, but it does not affect the argument.

The Prime Minister again avoided a statement as to the exclusion of Ulster. He repeated that "the Government are prepared to make suggestions which may open the road to agreement without sacrifice of principles on either side". Like most of his Sibylline declarations, this may mean anything or nothing. On his own admission, it does not shut out the possibility of excluding Ulster; but we shall not believe that he is prepared to adopt that course—the only one by which he can avoid civil war—until he says so.

Some Unionists mistake that the demand for the exclusion of Ulster is an offer to compromise on the principle of Home Rule for the rest of Ireland. But there has been no offer of compromise. There has been no suggestion that in consideration of the exclusion of Ulster the opposition of the Unionist Party to Home Rule for the rest of Ireland shall be abandoned. Mr. Austen Chamberlain emphasised the point in the debate on the Address. Indeed, Mr. Asquith on Tuesday complained that even the permanent exclusion of Ulster would not mitigate the hostility of the Opposition to Home Rule. The exclusion of Ulster is simply put forward to avoid civil war. If Ulster were excluded, it would be unnecessary for the people of

Ulster to fight to maintain their position within the United Kingdom. That, in any event, would avert a terrible catastrophe. But, as Sir Edward Carson has said, Ulster must not be made a pawn in the political game. No man has the right to ask Ulster to fight if she can obtain what she wants for herself without fighting. Indeed, if she were excluded she would have no one to resist. But even if civil war is avoided by the exclusion of Ulster, the Parliamentary opposition to Home Rule for the rest of Ireland will be maintained. Nor would the exclusion of Ulster be a betrayal of the South and West of Ireland. In the first place the vicious ambition of independent nationality would be frustrated. At the same time the position of Unionists in the South and West of Ireland would be safer if Ulster still continued to send her full contingent of members to the Imperial Parliament. The Ulster Unionist members in the British House of Commons would be better able to protect the interests of the Protestants and Unionists all over Ireland. In an Irish Parliament the Unionists, being a permanent minority, would be powerless against the permanent Nationalist majority controlled by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the United Irish League.

Mr. Asquith on Tuesday also repeated that a General Election offers no solution of the question. It would be impossible to ensure that the electors voted on Home Rule. In view of the attempts made by the Government at the General Election to obscure Home Rule, and Mr. Lloyd George's present effort to concentrate attention on the land, the Unionist Party would be the last to deny the force of the argument. But during the debate on the Address Mr. Bonar Law said that either a General Election or a Referendum would be accepted by him and his followers. No member of the Government has yet explained the objection to a Referendum on Home Rule. Confusion of issues would be avoided. The electors would be voting on one thing, and one thing only. At the same time, the Government would still be able to pass the Home Rule Bill into law without the consent of the House of Lords. The Parliament Act would still operate. The only reason for the Government's refusal of a Referendum on the Home Rule Bill is their knowledge of the country's opinion. They are afraid of the result. If the country declared itself against Home Rule Mr. Asquith would be unable to proceed with the measure. He would immediately lose the Nationalist vote, upon which he has been dependent for the last two years to maintain himself in office. Is it possible that such a consideration can weigh for one second with a Minister who is responsible for the safety of the country? It seems incredible, but the inference cannot be avoided. Should the worst happen, history will record of Mr. Asquith that he sacrificed his country in the attempt to secure a party triumph.

## THE NINE MEN.

THE nine men who were so dangerous in one country that martial law had to be enforced became so ridiculous in another that even the newspaper reporters who interviewed them off Gravesend refused to be serious.

This sudden change from revolution to light comedy was not altogether the fault of the nine. The British Labour Party has helped. No less was expected from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues. Mr. Arthur Henderson, the new Whip of the Labour Party, had not before been suspected of a talent for burlesque; but, charged with receiving the Syndicalist band at Gravesend, he excelled. The scene and subject were not very promising. The lower Thames on a February morning is as dreary a place as any on earth, but so much the greater was Mr. Henderson's triumph. All the newspaper critics, without exception, praised his success.

It appears that Messrs. Poutsma and Co., having been placed unwillingly aboard the *Umgeni* at Durban,

had come rather to like their quarters. Like the prisoner in the fable, they had no longer any wish to leave. The Labour Reception Committee ashore, having provided a warm breakfast and a warm welcome, may well have been puzzled when the revolutionaries, who had defied the laws of South Africa, explained that their refusal to leave the ship was really a legal point against the owners. Mr. Henderson was compelled to breakfast alone. Meanwhile he communicated with the owners and received permission to board the *Umgeni*. Then he opened the delicate negotiations which were to bring the willing captives ashore.

What diplomacy he used was not revealed even to an inquisitive Press. The nine, it is said, demanded to be restored to South Africa by the same vessel that had brought them to London. They were, however, shaken from that view by the rumour that the *Umgeni* was bound for Hong Kong, and might then visit remote Pacific ports. If that report proved true, the nine would never get their legal remedy against the owners for the false imprisonment they had willingly prolonged; one might as readily imagine the Flying Dutchman appealing to the law as these Syndicalists condemned to an unending tour. But the Labour Whip may have had stronger arguments. A fund had been raised for the support of the nine; there were taxi-cabs and warm beds in London, and the promise of a dinner at the House of Commons on Thursday.

The Syndicalists, adamant when tempted with breakfast at Gravesend, succumbed to dinner at Westminster. The legal point was waived; Mr. Henderson, who had pleaded for half an hour longer on board to persuade the nine, was vindicated, and the *Umgeni* landed her revolutionary cargo. (It should be added that the tireless Labour Whip hurried back to London to vote for the Government and Home Rule the same night—an example of fidelity to principle under difficulties which his brother whips of the coalition will no doubt appreciate.)

The curtain fell on a dinner scene at a respectable restaurant in Tottenham Court Road, with Labour leaders signing menus for publication in the illustrated papers. The farce was over. The tragic deportees had in twenty-four hours become the ridiculous nine. In that short time the British Labour Party had succeeded in reducing the revolutionary Syndicalists to absurdity. Curiosity had awaited them, even a kind of respect, as men who threaten a Government are respected. All that has gone. Now we can only laugh.

The deported nine might have been fêted and abused, their case discussed on high constitutional and legal grounds, had they preserved their dignity. But their "no-yes" attitude aboard the *Umgeni* has simply made them a figure of fun, a butt for the music-halls, a fit subject for an extra verse in some popular musical comedy song. Had they taken their stand on the elementary right of every British subject accused of crime to an open trial upon evidence before punishment, the nine deportees might have become as celebrated in history as the Seven Bishops or the Five Members. But now they are just ridiculous.

#### LORD ROBERTS AND THE PRIME MINISTER.

**Y**ESTERDAY Lord Roberts put before the Prime Minister the case for National Military Training. He put it in clear, driving, absolutely convincing language. The great movement he leads is now—as reorganised—free from all suggestion of party politics; and Lord Roberts himself shows he has nothing whatever to do with one side or the other—indeed, he criticises a Conservative Government for its miscalculations in South Africa at the time of the war in a way we might not at all relish if we viewed this question from a party standpoint. But we do not so view it; and no one who has the least care for the safety and honour of the country can view it so for a moment. The defence of the realm transcends all other questions and problems—because, if we fail there, we solve our other problems and survive our other crises wholly in vain.

What does the first soldier in Europe to-day—worn by great service, but undiminished in activity and intellect—think of our position to-day? Are we really safe under our present broken-down system, and can we sleep secure from any risk of invasion?

Here is what Lord Roberts told the Prime Minister yesterday:—"The immunity from invasion, which it was once believed that our Navy could afford, no longer exists. The great increase in the fleets of other Powers has seriously diminished our relative strength at sea. The introduction of submarines, aeroplanes, and hydroplanes is so completely altering the conditions of naval warfare that no one can—with any confidence—forecast the result of the next conflict, while the growth in the size, speed, and power of the great Continental liners renders the transport of 10,000 men easier at present than was that of 1,000 thirty years ago. The result of all these developments is that, in the considered words of the First Sea Lord, the Navy alone cannot now protect this country against invasion."

"But", say the comfortable people in their armchairs who do not want to exert themselves or even think of others doing so, "are we not at peace with all the world? Our Foreign Office will guard us from any real danger of complications with other nations". If they could get Sir Edward Grey to tell them what is in his thoughts—even in his thoughts when he is congratulating the country on Pax Britannica—what a different story they would tell! Really, as Lord Roberts says, "to whatever part of the world we look, a restless, unsettled condition prevails. We see on all sides continued and increasing preparation for war. Throughout the whole of the East—in China, in India, in Persia, there is chronic danger of disturbances which may involve us in heavy responsibilities. In Europe itself there has recently been a great war, which very nearly involved us, and the most powerful nations of the Continent are at the present moment largely increasing their military and naval preparations."

"Yes—but, happily, we have our Fleet!" says the man in the armchair triumphantly. To which he gets this reply from Lord Roberts:—"Our position on the high seas is very different to-day from what it was ten or fifteen years ago. With our Regular Army many thousands short of its exiguous establishment, with a Special Reserve in no sense fitted for, or capable of, carrying out its essential duties, and with a Territorial Force lamentably short in officers and men, deficient in training, in discipline and mobility, we are brought face to face with a state of affairs which requires prompt attention and prompt action . . . a matter affecting the safety of every man, woman, and child in this Empire."

In short, to-day, with the Territorial scheme beyond all question broken down, we have no real, sure provision against invasion—invasion which must mean frightful miseries and privation, and lead direct to the ending of the Empire. Lord Roberts's way to save us from this disaster is the only one worth mentioning. It holds the field. He outlines it once more for the Prime Minister and the public:—

"Firstly, that military and physical training shall be compulsory for all youths between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, which training shall be given under the educational system or in existing organisations for boys' training.

"Secondly, that in such year as they may select between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one all able-bodied youths, without distinction of class or wealth, shall become liable for service in the Territorial Force, those only being excepted who are serving in the Navy or the Mercantile Marine, or who may prefer to join the Regular Army.

"Thirdly, that the Territorial recruit shall, in his first year, go through a continuous training of from four to six months, according to the arm of the service to which he belongs. For the next three years he shall do a fortnight's continuous training in the ranks of the Territorial Force in camp, and such musketry and further drills as may be prescribed for that Force. The men thus trained shall be liable, up to the age of thirty, to be called out to service in the Territorial Force for Home Defence only at a time of grave emergency so declared by Parliament.



"Fourthly, that the conditions of the Home Defence Army shall be soundly democratic from top to bottom, that every citizen soldier shall have the path of advancement in the Service opened out to him, that personal merit alone shall count for promotion, and that there shall be equal opportunity for every man.

"The system, of which the above is an outline, will ensure—so far as is humanly possible—the security of this country. It can be introduced without reversal of our existing military organisation, which it will strengthen in every respect; it will impose no undue strain on our industries, and its physical and moral effect on our youths will be highly beneficial. Further, a careful consideration of its expense convinces us that this would not greatly exceed that of the present Territorials."

To cling any longer to our hopeless Territorial project is to fold our hands like the old Spanish Monarchy and cease to be a first-class Power.

#### AMERICA IN MEXICO.

THE facts as to Mr. Benton's death have not yet been fully established. It is admitted that he came in to Juarez to interview General Villa about the business losses in which the rebellion was involving him. It is also admitted that the interview was of a stormy character. According to General Villa's account, Benton, who was already known to him as a political opponent, drew his revolver. The General then seized his hand and covered him with his own weapon until the guard arrested him. A formal trial followed and Benton was executed according to martial law. On the other hand, Mr. Benton's friends maintain that he took no part whatever in politics, that it was his practice to go about unarmed, and that so far from even giving him the mockery of a military trial, Villa shot him down with his own hand. Judgment must needs remain in suspense until the discrepancies between the two accounts have been cleared up. Meanwhile we must note that General Villa, whose past reputation is none too good, has prejudiced the issue against himself by refusing to give up Mr. Benton's body.

British policy in the matter cannot be determined until it has been made clear whether Mr. Benton was a harmless and peaceable British subject brutally done to death or whether he actually took a hand in the dangerous game of Mexican politics and paid the penalty of his rashness. It is thus desirable that the facts should be placed on record as soon as possible, and the delay that has already occurred is to be regretted. But no blame attaches to the United States Consul at Juarez, who has evidently done his best to extract the truth from guerrilleros none too anxious to tell it. If the British Consul at the Texan port of Galveston is more successful, if and when he reaches the scene of the crime, that will only be because his arrival will have convinced Villa of the seriousness of his conduct. Meanwhile it is only fair to state explicitly that not the slightest suspicion can attach to the good faith and zeal of President Wilson, Mr. Bryan, or their subordinates.

Whatever the truth may prove to be, it is certain that the execution of a British subject cannot be hushed up. A point of national honour is at stake. Our prestige throughout the American continent demands that a full and satisfactory investigation shall be made, and the fullest compensation be rendered for any outrage committed on the name of Britain in the person of one of her people. It may be as well to remind the Foreign Office that its actions are studied in Canada with a critical and none too friendly eye, and that Canada has considerable interests in Mexico. But when we put the question what action should be taken, difficulties arise. The strictly correct diplomatic course would be to protest to General Huerta, whom Britain has recognised as head of the Mexican Government. But, though Huerta would certainly express his regrets and would probably pay compensation, how can he bring the murderers to justice? How can he even investigate the facts and decide whether a murder has actually been

committed? Villa is in rebellion against his authority and is not likely to take the slightest notice of his decrees. Moreover, respect for the Monroe doctrine will more probably induce Britain to invite the United States to discharge this admitted responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners on the American continent. But what is General Villa's position vis-à-vis the States? To us he is a rebel because we have recognised the Huertist Government. But to the States he is not a rebel, because Washington knows no constituted authority in Mexico against which rebellion can be raised. But neither is he a belligerent, and still less himself a member of any recognised Government. So far as we can see he is simply a Mexican subject to whom American citizens have been permitted to sell arms. Villa's precise status is of importance. He claims to have put Mr. Benton to death under martial law as understood internationally. Had he, then, authority to proclaim martial law? The matter is one which can well give rise to a prolonged and inconclusive triangular correspondence between London, Washington, and Mexico City. It is not in this way that British prestige is likely to be maintained.

The difficulty of the diplomatic situation justifies a very cautious policy, but caution could hardly have been pushed further than it has been in the policy actually adopted. According to the statement made by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons nothing whatever has been done in Mexico, and though a British consular officer is under instructions to proceed to Juarez, it is not yet considered safe for him to go. Meanwhile the British Ambassador in Washington has addressed an inquiry to the State Department, and Sir Edward Grey was careful to explain that even this was only done because the United States Government was likely to know what was happening near the American frontier. Mr. Bryan at once issued instructions to his local consular officers, and implied that this was all that could be expected of him. Indeed, he expressly disclaimed all responsibility for Villa's actions. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice suggested that the killing of foreigners was likely to create a bad impression in Europe. To this Mr. Bryan only replied that full inquiry would be made. The statement was not complete; Sir Edward Grey added that further communications were passing between London and Washington and his reply to a further question on Wednesday hinted that these were couched in rather stronger terms. But at best we are compelled to draw conclusions from slight—in our view too slight—evidence. There is one point, however, which stands out from the facts before us, and that is the attitude of aloofness taken up by the United States and apparently accepted by ourselves. This attitude is the more remarkable in view of the significant statement made by the Foreign Secretary that the American Government has, at our request, already cautioned the Constitutionalist leaders. It may be observed in passing that Sir Edward Grey acts rather curiously in giving the name Constitutionals to rebels against a Government which he has recognised as Constitutional.

But we have no desire to make verbal points. What is important is that the United States have officially, and on behalf of a European Power, made representations to Villa and his friends. When it is remembered that the States are also supplying these same men with weapons and munitions Mr. Bryan's tone of irresponsibility becomes hard to understand. You cannot arm a man, impress upon him what he must not do, and then say that it is nothing to do with you if he disregards your instructions. It seems to us perfectly clear that Mr. Bryan, having once consented to convey an expression of British wishes to General Villa, cannot now maintain that his function is limited to inquiry. For this reason we cannot altogether approve of the terms in which the British Ambassador made his first representation. It should, we think, have been made obvious that we expect something more from the United States than expressions of pious hope or equally pious regret.

Our plea for somewhat more energetic action at Washington is not based only upon the fact that the



American Government has entered into some sort of official relation with Villa and is thus not wholly unconcerned in his conduct. The general position would be the same if Mr. Benton had been murdered by some unknown robber. In the last resort his death is a consequence of the anarchy which has prevailed in Mexico for the last eleven months, and for that anarchy the States must undoubtedly bear some share of responsibility. President Wilson's policy has been to give General Huerta enough rope to hang himself. He has deliberately allowed the Mexican situation to go from bad to worse as the easiest means of inducing the Mexicans to get rid of a President to whom he objected. That this policy has quickened and prolonged the rebellion in the northern States of Mexico is admitted, and the connection between the rebellion and Mr. Benton's death is obvious. It is this fact which gives such an offensive touch to the suggestion made in the American Press that the only proper person to whom Britain can complain is General Huerta. It is certainly through no fault of ours that Huerta has not been able to establish order in Northern Mexico; and it cannot be denied that the recent removal of the embargo on the export of arms from the States has intensified the disorder which has now culminated in Mr. Benton's death.

For this reason we consider that the time has come when the British Government should call the attention of the United States to the consequences of their policy. For all we know the further communications of which Sir Edward Grey spoke may have been to this effect, but even in the later and more vigorous instructions sent to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice there is no hint that Britain regards the States as in any way to blame. If that is the view of the British Government, it is not endorsed by British opinion. Without suggesting that the public mind has become exasperated, and without the least wish to embarrass the diplomatists, we must point out to the American people that Britain looks to them to say how long the present deplorable condition of affairs is to continue. In Britain alone, we think, among the countries of Europe, President Wilson's policy is regarded with sympathy. To the Germans the notion of telling the head of a foreign Government to resign without taking any steps to give effect to such strong language appears too ludicrous for criticism. In Britain, on the contrary, President Wilson's earnest desire for peace has been appreciated and the many inconveniences resulting from his policy of watchful waiting patiently endured. The end of it is that when a British subject is murdered the American State Department turns its official eye elsewhere. The death of Mr. Benton has brought affairs to a climax and the time has come when the United States should declare just what steps they propose to take for the maintenance of the decencies of civilised life in a country in which they have predominant interests.

#### THE WORD "OBEY."

"OBEY", wrote Halifax in his "Advice to a Daughter", "is an ungentee word". The accomplished Trimmer, as usual, ranges himself without enthusiasm on the side of the thing that is. He is perfectly ready to admit that in exceptional cases there may be very real grievance arising from the subordination of women in marriage. The man may be a dolt, a drunkard, an undesirable generally; the woman may have more than the wisdom of her sex. But "it is safer that some injustice should be connived at in a very few instances than to break up an establishment upon which the order of human society doth so much depend". Halifax goes on to point out to his daughter that this nominal subordination—this "unkind distinction" in the words of the marriage contract—would imply in the case of a woman of parts and character no real or degrading subjection to a stupid husband.

The marriage relation, in externals at least, has changed enormously since Halifax penned his famous homily. But the "ungentee" word remains, much to

the annoyance of those people who strain at verbal gnats while swallowing the camels of fact. It was this "ungentee" quality of "obey" that seemed to influence the abortive discussion in Convocation this week. The speakers who favoured the omission of "obey" preferred no explicit claim for a new view of the marriage contract. Even the Bishop of Hereford acknowledges some inconvenience in having two heads to a family. The Bishop of Winchester would prefer some reference to the "leadership" of the man in the home. How exactly there can be a leader without power to command is not clear, and power to command must necessarily imply obligation to obey. It must therefore be inferred that it is not the fact that is objectionable, but the manner of stating the fact. The dignity of modern woman is hurt by the "ungentee" word. Man may plan, and man may pay, but he must not assert, even once in a lifetime, the right to wifely obedience.

It is not necessary here to discuss the right of the "ungentee word" to its position in the marriage service. It may or may not express too brusquely the Church's traditional view of the marriage relation. More to the point is it to ask whether women really do object to the presence of "obey" in a service which has on the whole a decided attraction for the bulk of the sex. How many who murmur "Yes" to the question—"Wilt thou obey and serve him?"—interpret the formula as an acknowledgment of servitude and an advertisement of male ascendancy? This fact, like all the great facts of life, is independent of statistics. Just as we know, in spite of broken windows in Whitehall and burned cottages at Walton Heath, that not one woman in a thousand really wants a vote, so we are perfectly assured that not one bride in ten thousand feels a grievance in the promise to obey as well as cherish the man of her choice. She makes mental reservations, no doubt. The degree and quality of obedience will be a matter of interpretation hereafter; and he will be a clever man who exacts from his wife more than she cares to give him. But the principle she is perfectly willing to concede. Just as Paris was worth a Mass to Henri IV., a wedding ring is well worth to the woman who really wants a husband the promise of a somewhat dubious obedience. She cares about the merits of the masculine claim as little as she troubles, when caressing the first five sovereigns of her dress allowance, whether His Majesty George V. has a perfect historic title to the initials F.D.

That is the attitude of the woman who wants to be a wife. The woman who repudiates wifely obedience is also for the most part the woman never likely to be asked to pledge herself to yield it. Even her views are not stable; they are apt to be modified out of existence by a chance proposal of marriage. Still it must be assumed that where there is much noise there must be some reality. There are, no doubt, a certain number of women—living mainly on public platforms—who do resent the "ungentee" word. For them its disappearance from the marriage service would represent the triumph of an idea—perhaps as barren an idea as ever possessed a human soul. The facts would remain. A poor-spirited man would be bullied by a coarse, strong-minded wife, as hen-pecked husbands were bullied ages before the building of Nineveh. A well-assorted couple would get on decently, with occasional bickerings. A male brute would carry ill-treatment as far as he does now. A male brute and a female brute would neutralise each other, preserving some kind of unstable equilibrium. The perfect union would be as much a rarity as heretofore. But the most persecuted husband would have the consolation that he had not been taken in. The most ill-used wife would be able to comfort herself, amid purgatorial afflictions, with the reflection that she had never promised obedience, that there was no suspicion of a servile taint in her conception of the marriage vow.

Is it not highly significant that feminism—the sham that is repudiated by the great mass of women—

should reverse the ordinary tactics of successful innovators? To conceal strong acts under harmless form is the ordinary course of prudence. The Cæsars were in form popular magistrates long after they had become in fact irresponsible despots. The House of Commons would not have been helped, in its gradual absorption of the chief powers of the State, if it had insisted on being called the House of Lords. Feminism is little concerned with cultivating real power; it is childishly insistent on names and words. The objection to the "ungentle" word is typical of the whole movement. In practice it is quite impossible for a man to compel his wife's obedience by decent measures. The world is full, as every man with a fair circle of acquaintances knows, of persecuted husbands, incapable of asserting even a wholesome authority over wives who are self-willed and extravagant and also rigidly respectable. A brute, on the other hand, can always reduce a woman to virtual slavery, so long as she consents to live with him. But feminism cares little for facts which it might influence in some degree. It concentrates on a word which has long lost all real meaning.

### MIDDLE ARTICLES.

#### WHAT CIVIL WAR IN ULSTER REALLY MEANS.

(BY A SOLDIER.)

"WELL, if it does come to civil war, what could Ulster do? You don't suppose half-drilled peasants could stand up to Regular troops, with artillery and aeroplanes, do you?" That remark was made to me last week in a Service club, and as it is the opinion of many Englishmen who have given any thought to the chance of civil war in Ulster, it is worth while to consider the probable tactics of the Ulstermen should the Government drive them to revolt.

The Ulster Volunteers have among them many officers of experience, men who have served and fought in British regiments, and know their strength and their weakness. Such leaders are not likely to court disaster by engaging in a pitched battle with regular troops, or by such theatrical displays as marching to meet the soldiers flying the Union Jack, as has been suggested. War is a very serious business, and a campaign in Ulster would be guerrilla warfare of a terribly bitter type. To subdue the country it would be necessary to fill it with troops and to occupy every corner of the province with detachments. This is where the guerrilla leader would see his chance. His strength lies in local knowledge, and every night would give him his opportunity. Bands of forty or fifty resolute men, under enterprising leaders, knowing the country well, able to disperse at a moment's notice and reassemble when wanted, would be infinitely more difficult to deal with than an organised and concentrated force, and it would be easy to collect a dozen or more such bands to attack any isolated post which is found to be lacking in vigilance. A detachment may be too strong to overpower, but constant night attacks, even if not driven home, sniping of camps, cutting off of stragglers and supplies, would go far to demoralise the young lads who form 80 per cent. of the rank and file of the Home Army.

The opposition which irregulars can offer to Regular troops is often under-estimated. The prolonged struggle in La Vendée and the success of the Garibaldians may be out of date, but we must remember that, after the French armies had been destroyed in 1870, the victorious Prussians were held in check for many months by national levies—most of them inferior in training and discipline to the Ulster Volunteers.

The Boers numbered but two-thirds of the Ulster Volunteers, and were probably inferior to them in courage and cohesion, but it took 230,000 men two years and a half to subdue the two Republics. It is not impossible that the men of Ulster, if driven to desperation, may give another instance of the fighting power of irregular levies. Countrymen, farmers and

labourers who know the district well and are accustomed to moving about at night (and be it remembered that for years past most of the drilling in Ulster has been at night) will have an advantage over Regular troops; and any man who has done any night-fighting knows what an advantage local knowledge gives, and how easy it is for the best troops to be seized with panic if attacked at night in a strange country. Suvaroff's maxim, "The bullet is a fool, the bayonet is a hero", still holds good at night; and, in a scrimmage in the dark, strong arms, used to handle pitchfork and spade, may well hold their own against town-bred boys of eighteen. Nooitgedacht, Helvetia, Wana are lessons which may be studied in this connection: the writer once saw three companies of British infantry stampeded at 2 a.m. by a bullock.

Guerrilla tactics are most difficult for soldiers to deal with. Reprisals only embitter the feeling, and it is hard to fix responsibility. During daylight the rifles will be safely hidden away, and the guerrilla Orangeman will become, as Kipling's private said of the Burmese dacoit, "a peaceful cultivator, and felony for to shoot". He may even come into camp in the daytime to sell eggs and collect information—a trick not unknown among the Boers and Pathans.

Again, Ulster is a country of small fields, closely fenced and much intersected by streams and rivers. Artillery and cavalry can be of little use, hedges and woods afford concealment from aeroplanes, and scouting by infantry in such a *terrain* is slow and difficult. A well-known military writer has defined the art of war as "the application of common-sense to the use of ground", but the use of ground in a closely fenced country is almost unknown in our Army. Owing to the cost of compensation for damage, British troops practically never manœuvre in such country, and neither officers nor men have much notion of how to cross it rapidly and without confusion. All soldiers know this, and I presume the Volunteer captains have considered the matter deeply, and trained their men with a view to the class of ground in which they may have to act. The march of any body of troops will be harassed by constant ambuscades, and pursuit in a close country will be well-nigh impossible. All bridges will be broken, fords staked with harrows and barbed wire, the telegraph lines will be cut, roads torn up, and railways damaged. Soldiers who served in Ireland during the "Land War" in the 'eighties will remember with what uncanny swiftness news travelled through the country, and how every movement of troops was known at a distance almost as soon as the men left barracks. In Ulster every man, woman and child will be a scout for the Volunteers, and information—the mainspring of success in war—will be freely given to them, while the troops will be mystified and misled in every possible way.

The question of *morale* must also be considered. Putting aside the suggestion that British troops will not fire on the Ulstermen, and taking for granted that the Army will obey orders, it must be conceded that neither officers nor men will feel much enthusiasm if ordered to suppress Ulster by force. On the other hand, every Covenanter will be fighting with a fanatical desperation scarcely dreamt of in England. It must be from the outset a lost cause. Ulster does not imagine that she can defeat the military forces of the Empire, but she is grimly determined, if she must go down, to go down fighting, to

"Die in silence, biting hard,  
Amidst the dying hounds".

For a parallel we need go no further than the Tyrolese rising under Andreas Hofer. The conditions are almost identical. Napoleon proposed to separate the Tyrol from the Austrian Empire and to hand it over to Bavaria. The Bavarians were nearly allied in blood to the Tyrolese, and for the most part of the same religion, but the gallant mountaineers took up arms to resist the change, and their struggle against overwhelming odds has always been regarded in England as a magnificent instance of patriotism; while the



military execution of their leader at Mantua has enshrined his memory among the noblest martyrs for freedom, and left an indelible stain on the fame of Bonaparte.

The spirit which, rightly or wrongly, animates the rank and file of the Ulstermen is the spirit which inspired Hofer and his followers—that it is better to die free and with honour than live oppressed and disgraced. To crush the resistance of men of this stamp Ulster must be laid waste, as Elizabeth's troops laid waste Munster, as Sheridan laid waste the Shenandoah Valley. Every village must be burnt, every farm and homestead destroyed, the bulk of the fighting men killed or captured. As it was in Virginia in 1865, so it will be in Ulster if the Government coerce the people. The fertile land will be made a wilderness, and none will be left on it but old men and boys.

#### THE NEW DELHI.—I.

BY H. FIELDING-HALL.

##### I.

THE change of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi was decided on two years ago, and it is now too late probably to reconsider this step. The matter is no longer sub judice; it is settled and must be accepted, therefore it may seem that criticism now is belated and out of place. Yet I hope that is not so. Even after a measure has been passed, if it be recognised that the measure holds elements of danger, it would not be too late to take steps to meet and to avert that danger. An error may be retrieved in more ways than by absolutely reversing the past. It is even sometimes possible to reap advantage out of an initial mistake. Therefore I venture even at this late date to criticise that removal. It seemed at first to be an excellent idea; it was received with a good deal of favour; the arguments for it were strong. Delhi was an old capital, Delhi is central, Delhi is an impartial site; a Viceroy and a Governor in Calcutta cannot live together in peace.

There were numerous other reasons, too, alleged in its favour, and as far as one can hear none were urged against it, so it was decided and accepted.

So they planned a site at Delhi, and buildings for this new Government, and at once the first difficulty showed itself. And the more you consider this difficulty the more insoluble it becomes. It ceases to be a difficulty of method or of detail, or a mere material obstacle. Its seriousness increases until you see that it is in fact insoluble and that it arises from a defect fatal to the whole scheme of which it is a part. It is but another instance of how what seems easy in the Council Chamber becomes impossible when brought into the open.

The point is this: In what style are the buildings to be built? Delhi is an old city, it is full of buildings of the olden time—beautiful palaces and mosques and other buildings in the Mogul style. How should the new city be planned?

Shall we build a modern European city, or shall we build an Oriental city? Or what modification or compromise is possible?

That has been what the Government had to decide. Let us consider these alternatives.

Shall we build a modern English city at Delhi? There are certain cogent reasons why we should.

In the first place, an English building is the only proper house for an English Government. Now the Government of India is only "of India" because it governs India, and for no other reason. It is a purely English Government; it is a branch of the English Government in London; its head is a minister of the English Cabinet, responsible only to the House of Parliament and the people; its methods are English; its power is derived from England; its personnel is English. It is not Indian in any real sense. It never can be. To put a purely English Government into anything but a purely English building—adapted to the climate—would be a pretence and an untruth.

That is one reason—a very solid reason, an unanswerable reason, I think; the second is not less so.

Modern Englishmen in modern English dress can only inhabit modern buildings. But the Government of India consists of Englishmen who dress in modern English dress. Therefore their houses must be English.

To see an English secretariat come out of a Mogul office would be ludicrous; it would simply cause the beholders to blaspheme, and the secretaries would not take readily to fancy-dress.

The third reason is decisive.

An English building in the English style is the only building we can possibly build. We have neither the ideas nor the ability to build anything else.

Therefore the new Delhi must be a purely English building.

But, on the other hand, it is absolutely certain that the new Delhi must not be English at all; it must be Indian, for these unanswerable reasons amongst others:

It would be a mockery and a profanation to put dull, prosaic English buildings in the neighbourhood of the palace of the Moguls, for instance. They would look shabby and mean; the contrast would be disastrous. They would affect not only every beholder, but the whole Empire. They would create an eyesore, material and mental.

They would be a contradiction in stone and plaster of what is stated to be the very essence of the change: that the Government of India is to be more and more Indian in spirit, and not English.

It cannot, of course, ever be so; but there is the assumption, and the English buildings would abolish the assumption for ever.

Public opinion amongst Indians would bitterly resent the Anglicising of Delhi, which would be the inevitable result.

Therefore it is quite certain that the new Delhi must not be Indian: that it must not be English. How can you reconcile two negatives? You cannot reconcile them. Neither can you imagine a new Delhi that was not one thing nor another. A Delhi neither Indian nor English would be the last word in monstrosity. It would please no one and offend all sides; it would be a mockery and a sham; it would be on the minus side of all absurdity. Therefore, what can be done? Nothing can be done. Any conceivable new Delhi would be an outrage.

What is the root of this trouble? Why should there, at the very inception of this scheme, arise a practical impasse? Whence does it arise?

It arises from this: that the whole scheme of moving the capital to Delhi is mistaken.

It is an attempt to realise what is in fact unrealisable. And where the spirit is wrong the acts will not be right.

Directly an attempt is made to put into practice the new change its impossibility is manifest.

Why, then, was the proposal ever made? From what necessity or from what idea did it arise? What are the theories behind?

#### THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG.

BY JOHN PALMER.

THE operatic play-actor never had a comfortable task in reconciling the conflicting necessities of his calling. An amusing study might be made of operatic acting. Clearly the technique of operatic acting is entirely different from acting of any other kind. It is, first to last, straitly conditioned by a careful regard for positions, gestures, facial expressions, and bodily movements convenient for the delivery of good notes from the chest or head. An expression of poignant anguish upon the features of your tenor may be necessary for the plot of a musical play. But suppose your tenor can produce his best notes only when his face is comically distended in the likeness of a trumpeter. What shall he do? Shall he sacrifice his notes or spoil his features?



In the old days of the cavatina, quartet, recitative, aria, and full chorus the actor's problem was comparatively simple. He concentrated quite frankly upon good notes, and let the play-acting take its chance—and a very poor chance it was. An opera was then quite ingenuously presented as a collection of musical numbers strung upon a thread of incident. The actors went rapidly through the evil but necessary dramatic cackle, and then quite frankly formed up in line and sang. That was the old solution, and a very excellent solution. I have no spark of sympathy with the stupid ridicule poured by insensate Wagnerians upon the conventions of old opera. The conventions of old opera were an extremely sensible and business-like solution of a problem whose difficulty the modern music-drama play-actor has as yet scarcely begun to realise. The ancient tenor, at any rate, knew that it was his business to sing. All that Wagner's reforms have so far done is to make our modern tenors not quite sure whether it is their business to sing; or to be acting geniuses; or, by vigorous exercise upon the stage and elsewhere, to battle with the inevitable consequences of an over-development of the pectoral region.

I can only faintly imagine the confusion of mind in which a modern operatic actor approaches Wagner's "Mastersingers", especially if he has been so ill-inspired as to dabble at all in Wagner's books. Wagner's books are the happy heritage of a generation of critics who pretend they are musicians, but are really more interested in limelight and stage-paint, or in revolutionary Socialism, or in second-hand philosophy, or in hypothetical æsthetics, or in German folk-lore. No real musician has ever paid any serious attention to Wagner's books, or even to Wagner's librettos. The music is, for a real musician, so much more important. Moreover, the musician knows that Wagner, in so far as he was a genius, paid no attention to them himself. But let us suppose that the cast at Covent Garden—a wonderful cast it is, as I shall in justice admit at the close of this super-critical discourse—has deeply read and pondered the words of Richard Wagner, all such words as pertain to his theory of combining the three arts in an art of music-drama. These unfortunate artists will have read that they must not be operatic, but dramatic—that they must suit the word to the action. They must not sing. They must speak and act in music. Obediently they turn the leaves of the score. Possibly, for some half a hundred dubious pages or so, they succeed in keeping before them the Wagnerian ideal unimpaired, though they must rather wonder how they are going to fit into the musical web of one of the most wonderful scores in the world suitable and continuous dramatic action. It looks, on paper, like being invited to act a Bach fugue. However, they proceed in hope to the end of the first act. Then they get their first serious shock. What is this? It looks rather like a chorus—an operatic ensemble. Perhaps some ingenious critic—the producer, say—soothes them with subtle distinctions. This, he says, is not really a chorus. True, everybody seems to be singing at once in quite a harmonious and orderly fashion. But why should not people in a music-drama all sing at once? Do people in real life never all talk at once? This chorus is an accident of the plot. Proceed.

The cast proceeds. The ingenious critic gets them successfully through the second act, the cast dubiously accepting his word that all is perpetual drama—no merely musical numbers, or anything of that kind. Then, at last, the page opens at the celebrated quintet. It immediately suggests everybody standing bolt upright and simply singing as hard as possible. Why, there is nothing else to do! The producer faintly suggests five people talking at once; but instinctively he quails. The whole cast openly rebels. They know all about quintets. They have not sung for nothing in a hundred operas, conceived before Wagner had invented this new-fangled combination drama. Is the "Mastersingers" an opera, or is it not?—they distractedly inquire. The producer leaves it to them.

The result at Covent Garden was quaint and interest-

ing. Herr Friederich Plaschke voted for opera, mending his shoes in strict time with the orchestra, and concentrating with deadly precision upon Sachs as he lives in the beautiful music. Herr Robert Hutt entirely agreed with him. He looked after his voice, and let the drama look after itself. The result was quite excellent, more especially as Frl. Claire Dux fell into the plan. I could almost see her telling our imaginary producer: "I'm here to sing Eva. I'm not a miserable actress." But there was a strong opposition, led by Herr Eugen Albert. His amative apprentice was excellent acting; but the music suffered. The perpetual necessity he was under to be a merry little rogue in movement and feature obviously distracted his voice. Equally this was true of the Magdalene of Frl. Bender-Schäfer, and of Herr Hans Edwin as Beckmesser. These were the music-drama party as opposed to the party of opera. They sang well; but they acted better than they sang. Herr August Kiess, as Kothner, sat upon the cross-benches. It was the best all-round performance of the evening. Herr Kiess did not seem to trouble one way or the other; to know whether he was singing or acting, whether he was taking part in an opera or a music-drama. Wagner would rather have liked him.

The questions remain: What *ought* these players to have done. Who was right and who was wrong? Is the "Mastersingers" an opera or isn't it? Let those be sure who like these pretty puzzles. Wagner himself did not know. That I do not know is clear from my having disingenuously visited it as a drama (a mere excuse to shirk for a few days things like "The Joy-ride Lady" and "The Melting-pot"), and by my having stayed, as I always do stay, simply to hear some music. Let us leave this question to Sixtus Beckmesser.

Seriously, though, all this talk about opera and music-drama rests on an elementary misconception of what opera is, and must ever be. Opera will always remain a plural number—a collection of lyrical moments connected by a plot. The connecting tissue may be dialogue, frankly spoken without accompaniment. Or it may be formal recitative. Or it may, as in Wagner, be solidly musical headwork. This connecting tissue cannot be live and beautiful music for the simple reason that there is no such thing as musical prose. Explanations, descriptions, the building of plots, or the dramatic resolution of situations—these are the business of prose. Wagner claimed that he wrote no prose, but the claim cannot be allowed. The gaps between the great lyrical moments of Wagner's operas are quite as perceptible as in those of Mozart and Nicolai. It is true that Wagner filled them in with some of the cleverest musical exercises that ever were written—stuffed with brains enough to run the whole British Empire for half a century; but this merely means that Wagner combined the industry of Molkte with the inspiration of Napoleon. These exercises are more interesting to read than to hear, and, though Wagner is almost a great enough musician to be allowed to clean the boots of Sebastian Bach, it is clearly absurd to contend that a method of filling in the interstices of opera which requires people to dine at six o'clock, and even then reduces the time for sheer lyricism to a comparatively small portion of the evening, is practically superior to the less conscientious method of his predecessors. It makes one quite mad to think that, if Wagner had dropped confessedly into plain German prose between his numbers instead of dropping into complicated polyphony, he might have written five times as many operas as he actually did. Think, too, of all the trouble he would have saved his commentators!

But I am forgetting Mr. Coates. Certainly he comes into this talk concerning opera and drama. I am sure he would not admit that the master ever droops. Clearly he thinks of him always as a continuous dramatist. His interpretation was all love and duty—enormously respectful. One felt that every bar was, for Mr. Coates, a giant progression from strength to strength. To him was due much of the pleasure to be had from a very fine and memorable performance.

## ART AND THE NATION'S "PERIL".

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

LORD HALDANE has noticed that we are ignorant. So, taking those of us who read "Nash's Magazine" into his confidence, he first terrifies and then soothes. We are in for the deuce of a crisis, a peril far deadlier than German ships and guns: "the peril of ignorance, of mental inertia, slipshod thinking; of a depressed average of intelligence, of a preference for casual improvisations and rule-of-thumb methods where our rivals rely on scientific forethought and organisation". Our case indeed seems pretty hopeless; one feels like crying or denaturalising. But then with a magic touch Lord Haldane dries our eyes. The Government is going to set about putting all this right, this year, and we shall never be ignorant or slipshod or depressingly unintelligent again. It sounds as simple and delightful as a millionaire writing a cheque for a million.

But is the cure for so radical and habitual a thing as stupid shortsightedness, inertia, suspicion, simply a matter of Government applying a sort of educational embrocation? I fear not. Nothing less than a change in character, painfully made during a long period, would turn our English public into a people of scientific forethought and organisation. That the Government intends, as Lord Haldane says, to put our educational system on a really national and coherent basis is honourable indeed, but in so far as art is concerned the situation is extremely complex and only to be met by a radical change, not so much in the quality of work produced as in the mental and æsthetic calibre of the patron and manufacturer-shopkeeper classes.

The matter is complex. On the one hand we have men who know—Lord Haldane for example, and Mr. Burrige, whose address delivered the other day at Birmingham is a most interesting summary of the situation—warning us that unless something be done we shall find ourselves artistically and commercially on the rocks. On the other hand equally well-informed people report that the impression made by the English arts and crafts exhibits at Ghent was very striking, that the French art education authorities were so struck by our work that they are anxious to use it as stimulus for French design and crafts. Then Mr. Burrige reminds us of a similar matter, recalling that curiously involved muddle made by our English printers. When Mr. Edward Johnston first published his lettering designs not a commercial soul in this country would take them up. In Germany, however, he found receptive patronage, so that German printers set the fashion with his type which now has to be imported by the English trade from Germany. Then again we must remember that our printing export business is large, and Mr. Mason, head of the typography in the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts, has been invited to start a press in Weimar. These instances suggest that the education of our artists in commercial handicrafts is better than, or at least in the aggregate as good as, that of our foremost rivals.

Before following Mr. Burrige further I must touch on the general attitude of many artists towards this problem of art education and conditions. Very humanly and naturally most artists seem to see the business all out of proportion, as they would say. According to them, artists have never been worse treated than to-day, and with what appears to me a lapse from dignity they seem inclined to welcome anything, even a Ministry of Fine Arts, that might confer upon their order specially favoured treatment and artificial benefits. Their chief complaint is that hundreds of students are educated in places like South Kensington and then turned adrift in a world that apparently has no use for them. Why, these artists hotly demand, does not the State provide these students whom it has expensively and soundly educated, with careers packed full of jobs? And they pray for a Secretary of Fine Arts, whose mission shall include such fostering providence. I cannot help thinking

that this demand is utterly unwarrantable. Supposing there were a special State college for bank clerks annually turning out into the world a crowd of highly trained young men for whom no banks had vacancies, should there be a Ministry of Banks to create berths for them? Under what compulsion do young men become art students, save that of their own inclination? Why should they journey through this vale on special terms, a chosen people independent of their time's conditions? Not only is there no reason, but, in addition, were the Arts indulged with such softening and protective treatment they would inevitably decay. Times are doubtless bad; but then what warrant or revelation have we for believing that they are worse than they have usually been, or that they are not necessarily so in accordance with Nature's economy?

But let us return to the peril in which we seem to be and which is to be met by a great educational campaign. Experience has shown, I believe, that British designers and craftsmen are intrinsically capable of doing and actually do as good work as their foreign rivals. It is not their education then that is fundamentally unsound, though no doubt in many cases, for example the system of judging in the National Competition, practical reforms would greatly increase productive power. The root difficulty lies in the classes that seem to stand outside schemes of immediate education—the middleman class, the patron class, and the Trade Unions. Obviously the ideal condition is that in which the buying party is highly cultured, faultless in taste and eager to attain to the yet rarer artistic level of the artist. Such a patron class would necessitate a middleman class of manufacturers, shopkeepers and so on whose one happy ambition would be to produce and sell only the choicest things. Then our fine designers would no longer have to go to German patrons for encouragement.

There are two good ways of attempting to create this Utopia, and by taking both much progress might be made. Mr. Burrige rightly says, "We cannot wait the coming of an educated public opinion, and public demand cannot be made the starting point; in matters of Art . . . supply creates demand". He adds that the public is really helpless and can only choose from what the producers offer. That is hardly accurate, for a determined patron class could impose its wishes on the middleman; indeed it notoriously does. But there is enough truth in it to indicate that the shopkeepers and manufacturers must be raised as regards taste and education to the level of our best artists as imperatively as must our influential patron class. It follows that an educational campaign directed simultaneously against dukes and millowners; Cabinet Ministers, financiers, and potters; advisers of the Royal Household and schoolmasters, would have the best chances of success. But this savours of the millennium rather than a Government campaign.

The London County Council, however, has certainly taken a considerable step in establishing consultative committees composed of prominent craftsmen, educational authorities and representatives of the Trade. Thus a point of contact is made between the schools and commerce. In Mr. Burrige's words, "much that was misunderstood is now clear, and on both sides is greatly increased sympathy and understanding". The practical results of such understanding are that some employers are shedding their old stupid habit of distrusting education and beginning to encourage workmen to attend day-classes. The importance of this may be far reaching, because it may in the long run solve the acute problem of apprenticeship; and we must recognise that for employers to allow their men to use the time for which they are paying them to study the higher ranges of craftsmanship is most promising. Hitherto the rule has been for employers to scout artistic qualities and insist that their men should work on the level that was good enough for immediate commercial ends. Here they combine with the Trade Unions, whose ideal is to hobble excellence to mediocrity.

The centre of the trouble is the Trade's reluctance

to use the really splendid material provided by the art schools. Manufacturers resent the current of new ideas and reforms that young artists fresh from the training college bring into their factories. I daresay the young artists are often tactless and impatient; but it would pay employers to suffer talented youth gladly in the reasonable hope that it would settle down and save the situation. For this is the world-old struggle between the older and the younger generation: nothing can stand against the latter, and least of all blockish conservatism. New ideas of design and a reawakened sense of the practical value, the commercial value of good art are in the air; and if our middlemen, whose fate it was to be born into a retrogressive era, refuse to turn the younger generation's ideas to advantage by voluntarily making use of them, they will inevitably be driven to surrender by foreign competition. The good old British plan is to postpone the horrid dose to the last possible moment and then complain that the cure is equally retarded—an undignified and wasteful plan.

That we shall suddenly develop a perfect social state in which everyone is consumed with zeal for faultless taste seems doubtful. Indeed has such perfection ever been? Perhaps we credit the old Greeks with it on insufficient evidence, and even the Chinese and Japanese. In the meantime our artists must follow the great tradition of their tribe and make the best of a bad job; in the long run the important part of them—their good art—will be vindicated. A cheering consideration is that, thanks to the fact that thousands of young gentlemen and ladies have keenly gone in for art, these last thirty years, the general level of artistic interest in these islands must be higher than before. For though these young people ultimately drop art for the City or marriage, they have become aware of artistic good and evil, and carry their knowledge through life.

#### SATURDAY MAXIMS.—II.

**T**HERE is one weakness of honest men which God overlooks—namely, when they are delicately flattered by the abuse and derision of scoundrels.

It is necessary to be extremely careful how one employs the terms "gentleman" and "lady": the smallest slip, and the first becomes "no gent" and the second "a real lydy".

In Parliamentary politics there are no lies. There are precedents instead.

Where you meet with Sentimentalism look out for Spite, or where you meet with Spite look out for Sentimentalism. They are pale twin sisters rarely very far apart.

Rogues condemn as pedants those who will not go into business with them.

A man may have the brow of Shakespeare or the skull of Napoleon, but it does not follow he will not drivel out at 40, playing with two little bits of stick or drinking neat spirit.

To a great number of people rotundity is profundity.

What is being half-educated? Some people will say that to be half-educated is to write "sufficient" instead of "enough".

Bluebeard's Chamber—i.e., the back of the great Cabinet Minister's mind, where he does away with his chief colleagues.

Those who talk about absolute destitution forget there is one thing no man was ever deprived of, namely, "his funeral": it is the ironical possessive, kept for the close.

In Hades all the taxes are regimented and form a standing army to guard the fallen angels: that of the estate duties is an aristocratic and popular favourite known as "The Devil's Own".

G. A. B. D.

#### GEORGE WYNDHAM: A MEMORY.

"Brimming and bright and large." While side by side

We paced the platform, waiting for the train,  
You quoted thus; you never spoke again  
To me. Recalling, after you had died,  
Your mien as on that morning, earnest-eyed,  
Eager to know, to love, to do amain,  
My memory saw those parting words contain  
A true presentment of your spirit's tide.

In our parched fields that spring shall rise no more;  
No more shall mind in your mind quench its thirst.  
But you:—your feet are on the living marge  
Of that full river of knowledge, love and power  
Which holy John, entranced, beheld upbust  
From out God's throne, brimming and bright and large.

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

#### GENÉE.

Gestiant alia choro procaci  
Elumbis populi movere sensus.  
Non tales tibi nomen est per artes.  
Es Musæ modo comparanda saltu,  
Et mentes regis una tu virosum.

H. L. H.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE EXCLUSION OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—That the Home Rule Bill was introduced without any enquiry as to how its provisions would be received by the local majority in Ulster will hardly be denied. If it satisfied the local minority in Ulster and the local majority in the rest of Ireland that was deemed sufficient, and any objection to its adoption whether coming from Ulster or the rest of Ireland would be frivolous and vexatious. This was the original position of the Government. They would not hear of the very limited exclusion proposed by Mr. Agar Robartes, and they snuffed out a number of proposed amendments to the Bill by means of the guillotine after having decided to adopt a course that would prevent any hostile amendments from being considered at the second or third time of asking. They even asserted at first that the majority of the people of Ulster were in favour of the Bill, and that the opposition to it was bluff, and not in earnest. It was not until resistance was distinctly threatened that they entertained the idea of making any concession at all; and since the idea was started the two objects of the Government have been to find out what is the smallest concession that will suffice to prevent armed resistance on the part of the Ulstermen, and what is the largest quid pro quo that they can extract from the Ulstermen in payment for this concession. Their offer has yet to be made. They are still doubtful as to how little they can venture to offer and how much they can ask in return.

It is I think only in defence of their rights and liberties that the Ulstermen have ever threatened to take arms, and the Covenant and the Provisional Government relate to Ulster only. The exclusion of Ulster from the Bill, therefore, ought to be regarded by the Ulstermen as leaving no justification for civil war. But if it is to be offered at all it ought to be offered at once, and without attaching



any conditions to it. What makes the claim for exclusion just and reasonable is the principle that a new form of Government ought not to be imposed on an extensive district contrary to the wish of the majority of the inhabitants, who are satisfied to remain as they are. Why should any quid pro quo be demanded for making such a concession as this?

In one respect, however, the action of the Government has created a difficulty which there may now be some trouble in surmounting. Though Ulster is on the whole Protestant and Unionist there are parts of it in which Roman Catholics and Home Rulers preponderate. The Government failed to draw any distinction between these parts of Ulster in their Bill. Indeed, they refused to distinguish Ulster from the other provinces in any way. Consequently when resistance came to be organised the organisation extended to every part of Ulster, and here are thousands of Covenanters bound to the others by the closest ties who reside in counties where Home Rulers and Roman Catholics are in the majority. If exclusion is to extend to four counties only, Antrim, Armagh, Down, and Londonderry, with the included towns, what of Fermanagh and Tyrone? The Roman Catholic majority in both counties is a small one. The representation is divided. The Unionist volunteers are numerous and zealous. Six counties is, I think, the very lowest exclusion that could now be entertained. Ulster, as thus defined, would contain 1,250,000 people, 820,000 being Protestants and 430,000 Roman Catholics. Its present representatives are sixteen Unionists and nine Home Rulers, but the former represent 909,000 people, while the latter only represent 341,000. But even with a six county exclusion the Covenanters and volunteers of Monaghan, Donegal, and Cavan would cause a difficulty. And in the whole province—nine counties—there is a Unionist majority of at least 200,000.

I hope if there is to be a General Election the issues at it will be clearly defined, and that the Government will not be allowed to go to the country with their present vague promises of making every concession that may be reasonably asked for, and then decide on how much or how little they will offer when the results of the elections are before them. If the issue was thus between rejection of the Bill on the one side and its acceptance subject to most liberal (but undefined) modifications on the other, the majority might be in favour of the latter alternative. The indefiniteness of their Home Rule scheme would not prevent the Ministers from obtaining the full support of the Home Rulers if it were understood that their main object would be to cut down their concessions to the lowest amount that the House of Commons would tolerate; and an attempt would no doubt be made at the General Election to persuade the public that the Ulstermen have rejected all concessions and are "spoiling for a fight".

It should be borne in mind that the excluded counties will not be governed by a local Parliament, but by the Imperial Parliament which has governed them for more than a century; and the Roman Catholics cannot complain that of late years this Parliament has not treated them in a fair and impartial manner. For this reason I think exclusion should be granted when desired by a strong minority.

Truly yours,  
X.

#### THE KING AND THE CRISIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft, near Leeds,

23 February 1914.

SIR,—The aversion of Irish Loyalists to Home Rule is very largely founded upon the belief that it would mean Roman Catholic ascendancy, and that such ascendancy implies the persecution of non-Catholics, or, at the very least, discrimination against them. If the Loyalists of Ireland could be assured that their fears on this head are groundless, at least three-fourths of their hostility would disappear.

I would suggest, then, that the King, as Chief Officer and Head of the Constitution, should be asked to give his

personal guarantee that from and after the passing of the Home Rule Bill into law there should be no religious census in Ireland, and no inquiry into the religion of any holder of, or candidate for, any office under the State or under any local authority. In other words, His Majesty would promise that no Government official, from the Lord Lieutenant to the newest police recruit, should be asked any questions about his religious belief.

Roman Catholics could not object to a settlement on this basis, for they constantly assert—and we are bound to accept their assertion—that they do not desire any religious preference, while, for non-Catholics, it would be a charter of religious freedom.

We shall be told, of course, that such an arrangement would be futile, since it could not be enforced; but one may take leave to doubt this. County Councils, District Councils, etc., could surely be coerced into tolerance by enacting that any reference by a member to the religion of any candidate for public office should incapacitate the speaker from voting, or, if he persisted in voting, his vote should invalidate the proceedings in case he happened to vote in the majority.

There would, no doubt, be the further objection on the part of those who regard the Crown merely as a peg on which the Cabinet may hang, that "we must keep the King's name out of politics". To this I answer that the whole point of the Coronation oath is to keep the King "right in" politics as the hereditary guardian and official protector of the rights and liberties of his subjects. If the Sovereign is to be treated as merely the speaking-trumpet of his Ministers, then I say that Monarchy in this country is doomed, since the *raison d'être* of personal loyalty will have disappeared; for it must never be forgotten that between the King as a person and the Crown as a thing there is something of the difference which exists between a Living God and a graven image.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.

SIR,—Permit me to inform Mr. B. R. Thornton that my letter was not addressed to the King, but to the public by favour of the Editor. This was obvious, and should have saved his gratuitous sneer at me. So many of our journals are ignoring the King as a factor in the problem, and it is only by creating a widespread demand that he should, in the last resort, intervene to prevent civil war, that he will be nerved to take so strong a step. Mr. Thornton says: "There is no power in the Constitution to dispense with the 'Will of the People', neither can the Constitution be altered without their consent, as has been attempted". Is this not begging the whole question? We contend that the Government is steering straight for civil war without the consent of the voters, and has altered the Constitution so fatally that it is necessary to appeal to the King to step into the breach to prevent the Government dispensing with the "Will of the People". It is open to serious question whether the King, when faced with that grave problem which is said to have hastened the death of King Edward, would not have been wise to have called the whole of the Privy Council and taken its advice before he signed the Parliament Bill, which has practically put despotic power into the hands of an anti-patriotic minority holding the balance of power? The case is so serious that Party tactics must be subordinated to the public good; as the King's intervention would probably suit Mr. Asquith, enabling him to carry out his compact with Mr. Redmond and yet prevent the crime of civil war, which would hang a millstone about the neck of his Ministry to all eternity!

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

E. WAKE COOK.

## MR. FREDERIC HARRISON AND ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 February 1914.

SIR,—I may be disgracefully ignorant, but I confess that I am unable to discern what qualification Mr. Frederic Harrison possesses for devising schemes of Irish Government. I do not even know whether Mr. Harrison ever visited Ireland. On the other hand, some one may ask what qualification I possess for criticising Mr. Harrison. At the risk of being accused of egoism I will briefly reply. I was born in Dublin and was educated at Trinity College. Soon after the institution of Competitive Examinations I passed for the Covenanted Civil Service of India, and 22 years of my life were spent in what has been described as the greatest administrative machine known to history. When I retired and settled in Dublin I became a leader writer on the staff of the "Daily Express", and thus had reason and opportunity to study politics generally, and Irish politics in particular. Moreover, the Land Agitation was just then being led by Parnell, and every one knows that Parnell was using the Land Agitation to promote his schemes of Home Rule and Separation.

I venture to think that my training has qualified me to express an opinion on Irish political questions which may fairly be set off against Mr. Frederic Harrison's, although he is famous and I am obscure. And I tell your readers that there is one solution of the Irish question, and one only, namely—the Union, the Whole Union, and Nothing But the Union.

Federation is no solution. Federation is a step towards Incorporating Union—a step which, in the case of the Overseas Dominions, is necessarily incomplete, because the Dominions are half the globe distant from the Mother Country.

Home Rule, on the contrary, is the breach of an Incorporating Union. It leads straight to Separation. Parnell put himself at the head of the Home Rule agitation avowedly in order that he might "break the last link". It suits the Redmondites of to-day to pretend that they only desire Local Self Government; but President Krüger's Boers were given Local Self Government, and we all know what came of it! Nay, South Africa to-day has Local Self Government, but of what advantage is that to the deported Labour leaders? I grant that Poutsma and his fellows were wrong and that Botha and Smuts were right. I grant this absolutely, and not for argument only; but suppose an Irish Premier were to deport an obnoxious opponent in like fashion, and to bring a Bill of Indemnity into the Dublin Parliament? How then? If the King vetoed the Bill, where would be Self Government? If the Bill passed automatically—as most people think the Botha-Smuts indemnity ought to pass—where would be the liberty of the subject? "But the Home Rule Premier would never do such a thing, at least without reason as good as Botha had." Perhaps so; but to assume this is to beg the question. All who think as I think are of opinion that the first thing Mr. Joe Devlin would do if he were a Home Rule Secretary of State, would be to deport Sir Edward Carson—if he could catch him! And I submit that, in view of the words and acts of every Home Rule agitator, the presumption is that we are right, and the burden of proving us wrong lies upon those who advocate any breach or weakening of the Incorporating Union of 1800.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

## GOVERNMENT BY DYNAMITERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 February 1914.

SIR,—The following are extracts from the speeches of Mr. J. Devlin, M.P., by whose aid the Asquith Government are clinging to office:—

"I myself am of opinion that it is always a good thing in Ireland to have in existence a physical force party. I would suggest to allow us to have an Irish Parliament that

will give our people all authority over the police and the judiciary, and all government in the nation; and, when equipped with comparative freedom, then would be the time for those who think we should destroy the last link that binds us to England to operate by whatever means they think best to achieve that great, desirable end".—(Speech to Irish-Americans in New York, June, 1902.)

"We are now commencing the work of upholding the principles of the men of '98. I am perfectly prepared to admit that these men resorted to arms to win liberty for Ireland. While aiming at the same objects as Emmet, Tone, etc., we nevertheless, as practical politicians, feel, if it is impossible to win Ireland's freedom by the force of arms, it is not impossible to do so by the spirit of combination in Parliament".—(Speech to the United Irish League.)

Mr. Devlin does not mince matters. Everybody knows that the "object" of Emmet, Tone, etc., was to effect a complete separation from England and establish a hostile Irish Republic.

Yours faithfully,

M. A.

THE "SPECTATOR" AND MR. BONAR LAW'S  
TARIFF REFORM SPEECH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 February 1914.

SIR,—You say "Tariff Reform will not be smuggled away at the next election".

Are you sure?

Will it not be smuggled away if the "Spectator" has its way?

Observe. In last week's "Spectator" was not one single line relating to Mr. Bonar Law's clear and explicit speech on Tariff Reform, delivered in the House of Commons last week, though that speech filled a column and a-half of close print in the "Times"?

Sir, do not make any mistake. There are Liberals, powerful Liberals, masquerading as supporters of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne, who are doing all they can—and who will do all they can—to "smuggle away" Tariff Reform.

Their policy is a policy of total exclusion. They wish to knock clean out of the programme of the Unionist Party its first constructive plank.

They want to devitalise the Unionist Party.

The same section—masquerading as supporters of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne—is dead against (1) the official Opposition programme of State support to small ownership; and it is dead against (2) all the proposals of Mr. F. E. Smith and his group of active and live Unionists who are the future of the Unionist Party.

Yours faithfully,

TARIFF REFORMER.

## THE FAILURE OF MR. NORMAN ANGELL.—II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Pictures are also drawn of attacks by France and Russia upon a victorious German State: if, however, these States are to be counted among the foes of Germany, then surely Italy and Austria must be counted among her friends, and it is, to say the least, inherently improbable that, were Germany victorious in a purely Anglo-German War, France and Russia would choose the moment of a brilliant and signal German success to embark upon a struggle that would risk their whole future,\* that would imperil the very foundations of their national life. It is, moreover, a characteristic specimen of Pacifist logic that the people who thus urge us to rely upon Continental nations for defence are also heatedly and violently opposed to any form of Continental alliances—are those who repeatedly urge that Great Britain should return to her former standpoint of "splendid isolation."

\* Mr. Angell also informs us that our colonies—combined population some 10,000,000, with no military forces worthy of mention, and separated by thousands of miles of sea—are to constitute a "menace" to Germany (population, 65,000,000, and by hypothesis the most formidable naval power).

We now come to the crux of the matter: Could a war indemnity of £1,000,000,000—at the most conservative estimate—be used to the economic advantage of Germany? The answer to this is in reality very simple. Mr. Angell, whilst he ridicules the possibility of Germany making the strides in economic production necessary to occupy Great Britain's place in the world's commerce, whilst he tells us that Germany wants capital, and is a debtor nation, never realises that this gigantic war indemnity would represent British capital confiscated by Germany and could be used for the stimulation of German industries. For the detailed consideration of Mr. Angell's standpoint in this matter I must refer readers to my work, "The Struggle for Bread", a reply to "The Great Illusion", published by John Lane. Briefly summarising, however, Mr. Angell argues that if this war indemnity is exchanged with foreign nations for "real" wealth, the articles purchased and imported will compete with native industries, whilst if it is retained within the national boundaries there will ensue a rise in prices proportionate to the greater cheapness of money. He ends with a bold challenge to economists in general to show any escape from this dilemma. Unfortunately for Mr. Angell's reputation as an economist, however, he quite fails to see that there is a very simple way out of this dilemma. The money received can be exchanged abroad for raw materials, which obviously cannot compete with native industries. At the same time, with this exchange of the money received for "real" wealth, obviously there will not ensue that general rise in prices which Mr. Angell tells us is inevitable. Let us take the case of but one industry—the cotton industry. Let us assume the development of this industry subsequent to the general cheapening of capital due to the influx of a huge war indemnity; the importation required would be of two natures—raw cotton and productive machinery, the latter of a type which Germany herself does not largely produce. How then can such importations be competitive trade?

Again, let us consider the financial circumstances of such a transfer of wealth. The British Government, in the effort to pay off the £1,000,000,000 war indemnity, would be obliged to call in out-standing credits all over the world. There would be a general fluctuation in the value of money. But the German Government could forestall any possible disadvantageous reaction upon its own commerce by simply promising support to its own bankers. The credit of a victorious Government assured of receiving £1,000,000,000 at no distant period would be well established. To assume that German bankers or German business men would under these circumstances decline to accept their Government's paper is an obviously untenable hypothesis. A paper currency could therefore be floated to meet the necessities of the moment. But in England, on the other hand, money would be rendered excessively dear. A proportion of the £1,000,000,000 would be found by drawing in foreign credit, but, obviously, a very much larger proportion must be found by Britain herself, as a very much larger proportion of British capital is invested in Great Britain and British colonies than abroad. Thus the rise in the British bank rate would be very much greater proportionately than the rise of the bank rate in America or France, for instance. This is a point Mr. Angell fails to appreciate. Its importance, however, will be realised when we remember that this sum of £1,000,000,000 has passed from British hands to German hands and is being used to develop German industries. Obviously the advent of a host of German buyers into the markets of the world must inevitably send prices bounding up and restore things to their normal equilibrium. The economic reactions described by Mr. Angell are thus obviously a temporary phenomenon. But there is a further influence to be considered. Great Britain, as we have seen, has just lost £1,000,000,000 of national capital; the rise in the bank rate is much greater than the rise in the bank rates of America, France, and Germany. But the advent of a host of German buyers has forced up prices generally throughout the world. Germany as a nation has developed greater purchasing power than Great Britain as a nation: in the neutral markets of the world Germany would skim the markets for raw materials. Germany as a nation

would develop greater productive power than Great Britain as a nation, and, directly as a result of military conquest, German commerce would go striding forward by leaps and bounds. In the space of a decade Great Britain would have been quietly shouldered out of the world's principal markets, and the economic greatness of Britain would pass like the vision of a night.

For me to expose adequately the false analogies, fallacious reasoning and hasty generalisations which make up "The Great Illusion" would require several volumes of the SATURDAY REVIEW. I must once more refer readers to my work, "The Struggle for Bread". But I may conclude this letter by pointing out that Mr. Angell fails wholly to grasp the fact that war in all ages has been the instrument by which a race becomes possessed of the potentiality of economic development. It is not an end in itself, but the means to an end. Let us take such an instance of military conquest as the Saxon Conquest of England. It was by this military conquest that the Saxons gained the potentiality of that economic development which has later raised their descendants to the foremost position in the world's commerce. Similarly the immense economic influence of the conquest of India and our colonies upon the development of our industries and social life can only be denied by a very ignorant, short-sighted critic.

Finally, I may conclude this letter by reference to an utterance by Mr. Angell which for sheer fatuousness can scarcely be excelled. The Pacifist writer publicly declared that were Germany to achieve supremacy on the seas the British and American nations (lumped together for the occasion as Anglo-Saxon peoples) would be free to develop their ideals undisturbed. It is, to say the least of it, curious that the writer who gave vent to this utterance should picture the English people as fired with a frenzied determination to wipe out the stain of defeat which is to produce gigantic estimates rendering a German military triumph barren of economic advantage. What effect this would have upon Pacifist ideals may be surmised. This, however, is by the way. Mr. Angell altogether ignores the fact that between the conception of British ideals and their manifestation would interpose the dark shadow of German military power. German supremacy on the seas would mean the triumph in the most extreme degree of German militarist ideals over British Pacifist ideals, the Government in London, be it Liberal, Labour, or Tory, would be a mere puppet in the hands of the Government of Berlin: a Government dominated by the ideals of the Zabern incident. If there is one thing that can lighten the gloom of such a prospect it is the thought of the rude awakening that would be sustained by the Liberal-Pacifists who are doing so much to make such a contingency probable.

Yours faithfully,  
"A RIFLEMAN."

#### THE MIRACLE OF THE BRONTËS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 February 1914.

SIR,—A fine judge of literature, whom I have consulted on the subject, declares oracularly that "whoever wrote Emily Brontë's poems wrote 'Wuthering Heights'".

What does Mr. Malham-Dembleby say to that? His "eye of the beholder" argument is a two-edged sword. Is not he also a "beholder"?

He asserts that "all evidence affirms" that Charlotte Brontë wrote the book. But, during this discussion, not a particle of positive proof has been produced to support this assertion, not even in the thoughtful and interesting articles of Mr. Lionel Cust. Mr. Malham-Dembleby himself produces none, except to quote the "denial" of "Jane Eyre" in Charlotte's letter to Miss Nussey as proof—not, indeed, that Charlotte wrote "Wuthering Heights"—but that her denial of the latter book need not be taken seriously.

But there is all the difference in the world between these two "denials". Anyone who reads between the lines must see that Charlotte's playful, scolding letter to her friend Miss Nussey was no denial at all. On the other hand, her denial of "Wuthering Heights", and her assertion that Emily was the sole author and creator of that book, were



made solemnly and publicly by Charlotte Brontë, in cold print, when Emily was dead.

Is the charge against Charlotte Brontë that she uttered a cold and calculated lie?

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly spent years of his life in the vain attempt to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays; but he harmed no one. Mr. Malham-Dembleby's attempt to prove that Charlotte Brontë wrote Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights", while equally vain, is not equally harmless. It maligns the memory of a great and good woman, whose life was an example of rectitude, and gives unnecessary pain to all true Brontë lovers, as evidenced by the letter of "M.D." in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 7th February.

It matters not so greatly, after all, who wrote "Wuthering Heights". What does matter is that anyone should dissect, in cold blood, the private utterances to her most intimate friends of the living, passionate Charlotte Brontë, in order to prove a "vain thing", which impugns her truth and honour.

Nothing of recent years has revolted lovers of good literature more than the misguided attempts to dispel some of their most cherished beliefs, by unearthing unhappy letters, or other documents, never intended for the public eye. These attempts have, fortunately, failed in most cases to exhibit our idols with feet of clay; but they have torn away the veil from the sacred intimacies of private life, and have outraged memories which still to most of us "smell sweet and blossom in their dust".

I do feel most strongly that men who "daily . . . not knowing what they do" dig and delve, for no great purpose, in the private lives and loves and letters of the illustrious dead, should take to heart the noble lines which conclude Gray's Elegy:

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God".

Your obedient servant,  
T. A. CREGAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris,

23 February.

SIR,—I for one am not at all tired of hearing about the Brontës. Will nobody tell us why the Héger family—at least, Mme. Héger—waited so long before publishing Charlotte's four letters to M. Héger? Madame Héger was furious at the success of "Villette", and it is well-known that she refused to see Mrs. Gaskell when the father wished to question her about Charlotte. Why did she refrain from placing before the public letters likely to support her own contention—viz., that "Villette" had been written out of spite? How, too, was Eugène Sue put up to the facts which are narrated in "Jane Eyre" before this novel came out? These are interesting mysteries.

Yours very faithfully,  
ERNEST DIMNET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Hursley," Honiton, Devonshire.

21 February 1914.

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Dewar's letter I would say that I quite see that the word "unfortunate" should be applied to the husband (Mr. Rochester) rather than to the wife. This, however, leaves my question unanswered. Let me alter it, and put it in this way: "Does the writer really mean that the insanity and crimes of the wretched woman dissolved the marriage bond?" The marriage bond is the point.

I am not Mr. Joell, but the Rev. Wm. Joell Wood, as my card sent to you shows.

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 February 1914.

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Wood:

(1) The marriage bond, of course, was not dissolved, as "Jane Eyre" shows.

(2) I hold that it should have been dissolved, seeing that the woman was a drunkard, unchaste, and in the end a maniac to boot.

Yours faithfully,  
GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 February 1914.

SIR,—I can't think enough *has* been said about the Brontës if educated persons can remain so dense and narrow-minded as to agree with our muddle-headed laws, which tend to *create* immorality instead of preventing it. As anyone who has read at all knows very well cases could be mentioned where men and women have waited for years hoping for a cure of the afflicted, knowing at last it was quite hopeless, and yet could get no lawful relief—often persons in comparative youth. If these people dare to break the conventions, they are as a rule socially lost, although they may be fifty times more worthy than the so-called "unfortunate one".

Of course, all this has been talked of *ad nauseam*, and I only venture to point out what every sensible person ought to be able to see, viz., that our present law with regard to the above question is cruel and immoral, simply because it drives people into committing so-called sin which very often falls on the innocent. With regard to such an awful creature as Rochester's wife, the words "marriage bond" are too foolish for thinking folk to attempt to discuss. A mind that can see any religion or justice in keeping such a terrible woman bound to a man is past my comprehension!

Yours faithfully,  
M. P. D.

NOT "ALICE IN WONDERLAND".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.

22 February 1914.

SIR,—Having seen only two of all the Alices there have been, or may have been, I cannot say which is the best of them, but I can say without any difficulty that "Little Eva Goffin" is not. The Alice I saw many years ago (I have ungratefully forgotten the name of the child who filled the part) was Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel's "Alice"; the child at the Comedy this year was not even like her. "Alice in Wonderland" is a lady, a natural, unaffected child, intelligent and interesting. She emphatically is not an actress.

Yours faithfully,  
H. H.

IF NAPOLEON HAD WON AT WATERLOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 February 1914.

SIR,—Surely Dr. Holland Rose takes an unwarrantable liberty with Creevey's name in making him lead a party of club members from Brooks's so soon after Waterloo as the 21st. On the night of the battle when it was believed that Napoleon really had triumphed attempts were made to persuade Creevey, who was, of course, in Brussels with his sick wife, to escape. "After a very short consultation, however, with Mrs. Creevey, under all the circumstances of her ill-health and helplessness and the confusion of flying from an army in the night, we determined to remain."

Substitute Bennet for Creevey, Dr. Rose.

Yours, etc.,  
H. T. K. C.

*The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.*

## REVIEWS.

## MACAULAY RECONSIDERED.

"Macaulay's History of England." Edited by Charles Harding Firth. Vol. I. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

CARLYLE was right—we do want when we read history a true picture, an authentic likeness, of the great men. Further, it helps us to have good illustrations of the accessories of history. We can do without the artist in the great novel, the work of pure imagination. Nay, we often resent his intrusion there; whereas we can welcome him—sometimes—in the drama of real life. Therefore this illustrated edition of Macaulay's History, which Mr. Firth has taken charge of, is sure of a wide welcome. Macaulay himself would probably have approved of it; and to-day a large public will delight in the venture, with its hundreds of illustrations chosen by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. It was bound to come—strange that, in these days of illustrated editions, it should have been delayed so long!

Macaulay wrote in his private journal, after the publication of the first two volumes of his History: "I have tried to do something that may be remembered; I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind". It is more than half a century since he wrote that not uncharacteristic sentence, and the whole practice and conception of history has changed in the time. As Lord Morley said the other day, "taste and fashion have for a season turned away from the imposing tapestries of the literary historian in favour of the drab serge of research among diplomatic archives, parish registers, private muniments, and everything else so long as it is not print". As Acton put it, "the great historian now takes his meals in the kitchen". With Macaulay we may at least be sure that there will be the pomp of a banquet, gold and silver and lights, rich food and noble wine. He is like Machiavelli, changing his working clothes for a Court suit and sitting at his desk with the candles lit in their silver sticks. What he would have thought of the modern school we may gather from a passage in his own description of Harley: "He had that sort of industry and that sort of exactness which would have made him a respectable antiquary or King-at-Arms". Many a historian of to-day would welcome that depreciating phrase as a high panegyric! But to Macaulay history was a greater game than that; it was art, above all it was drama, and his collection of characters is as fine as that of Sir Walter or Thackeray. "The reign of William the Third, so mysterious to me a few weeks ago, is beginning to take a clear form. I begin to see the men." And we see Macaulay's men, too, as we read that fascinating twentieth chapter, where Sunderland, and Montague, and Wharton, and Foley, and Harley are as alive as Sir Walter's Cromwell or Louis XI. Whether it is the true Wharton or Harley is altogether another question; just as it is yet another question whether the real man of the past is ever more recoverable by the methods of research than by the bold painting of art. "The plan of a good character of Pitt is forming in my mind", he wrote of another piece of work. When Kemble criticised him for passing too lightly over Continental politics his private defence was: "As to grubbing in Saxon and Hessian archives for the purpose of ascertaining all the details of the Continental negotiations of that time, I should have doubled my labour, already severe enough". There, again, it is the glory of the modern historical worker which Macaulay sets lightly aside.

His amazing memory doubled the value of his omnivorous reading of pamphlets, speeches, biographies, which gave him the minute touches on which he set so high a value. No critic ever said anything so illuminating on Macaulay's method as these sentences of his own: "My accuracy as to facts I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance. . . . I am

no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance." He was true to the ideal which he sketched in his early paper on the art of historical writing, which Acton says he had the prudence to exclude from the collection of his essays. He "gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction", "intersperses the details which are the charm of historical romances", and "reclaims those materials which the novelist has appropriated".

But his romance was romance with a purpose; he would justify the ways of Whigs to man, and because his endowments made him the most convincing of advocates his book was more than a book, it was an important political event. Ranke, perhaps the greatest historian of the nineteenth century, whose researches threw so much new light on Macaulay's own period, points out that the English revolution brought to a decision the great contest of universal history between a monarchy acting in full autonomy and a parliamentary constitution limiting its action. The world has in general come back to a mixed constitution, of which England gave the first example. "This general tendency is one cause of the immense success which Macaulay's History, appearing just at the right moment, had in Europe. Up to that time the Tory view, as represented by Hume, had not yet been driven from the field. Macaulay decided the victory of the Whig view." For the time he gained a triumph that seemed complete, but the respectable antiquaries and the grubbers in archives have since made many of Macaulay's dogmas appear very doubtful tenets. His very limitations made him successful in his advocacy. He was a true Palmerstonian Englishman, intensely proud of his country, absolutely certain that he was right, with no unsettled convictions, with all the proper prejudices against Frenchmen and Papists and Puritans, with a healthy love of the old commonplaces, and a sure and certain belief that black is black and white is white. The real tragedy of Charles I. is that he died for a system of religious belief so subtle that few men can understand it. All that was subtle was suspect to Macaulay; his nearest approach to a comprehension of the English Church was his statement that it stood mid-way between Geneva and Rome, and that statement is misleadingly obvious and obviously misleading. His style, so clear and so trenchant, was the finest and most effective Parliamentary rhetoric. Who else could so picture a detested system in a sentence as Macaulay did in this on Wharton's Puritan upbringing: "The boy's first years were passed amidst Genevan bands, heads of lank hair, upturned eyes, nasal psalmody, and sermons three hours long"? Or wield a sledge-hammer so effectively as he did in this phrase on Sunderland: "His apology when examined will be found to amount merely to a confession that he had committed one series of crimes in order to gain James's favour, and another series to avoid being involved in James's ruin".

Great advocate as he was, as a historian he suffered partly because he had no strict critical method by which he could weigh the comparative value of authorities. He had read all the contemporary gossip and he could not forget any of it. Still more he suffered because he entered into the past openly and avowedly as a partisan. Not that he was consciously unfair; he was far too honest and great a man to be that, but he thought of the campaigns of history as continued in the contests of his own day, and he would have scorned not to play his part for his own side. He was a man of action with his pen in his hand as much as when speaking in Parliament. Consider, for example, this extract from a letter to Longman: "Pray thank Adolphus for his corrections. . . . I got into a passion with the Stuarts and consequently did less damage than I should have done if I had kept my temper". Macaulay, of course, used the sword of a gallant knight and not the dagger of the assassin, but none the less he was out to deliver

his swashing blow in his loved cause of Whiggism. He chose the period on which there was most to be said for his political philosophy and on which his splendid gifts could be most lavishly displayed. Take the opinion of another illustrious German, Dollinger. "He denounced Macaulay's indifference to the merits of the inferior cause, and desired more generous treatment of the Jacobites and the French king. He deemed it hard that a science happily delivered from the toils of religious passion should be involved in political, and made to pass from the sacristy to the lobby, by the most brilliant example in literature." He was an incomparable man and his great book will always be one of the glories of English literature, but it must be read with the constant recollection that in all matters bordering on religion and philosophy he altogether lacks the sympathy and breadth of thought that are essential for a proper understanding. He really tried to be fair, for example, to the Non Jurors, but he could not appreciate their position, and he was notoriously unjust in his treatment of Bacon and Penn. In questions of foreign policy so much has come to light since his day that he is no longer adequate. But when all has been said he still dominates his epoch, and his portraits of men are still those which are impressed on the imagination of all who have read him.

#### MR. WELLS LOQUITUR.

"An Englishman Looks at the World." By H. G. Wells. Cassell. 6s.

(Published this week.)

MR. WELLS has a theory that all useful citizens enjoy a flourishing period of maximum activity; that the State should work them very hard during these fat years, and should retire them upon a pension as soon as they begin to show sign of flagging in their characteristic services. Mr. Wells's beneficent Socialist State would, we fear, have retired William the Conqueror before he came to England, Cromwell before he had led an army, Blake before he had put to sea, Caesar before he went into Gaul, Napoleon before he had drawn up his code, Wagner when he had finished "Lohengrin", Beethoven the moment he became deaf, Homer when he could no longer see, Mr. Balfour before he had delivered the Gifford lectures, and Mr. Wells when he stopped writing scientific romances. Then we should have missed this book of excellent chat about men, movements, books, politics, and things in general.

Few writers so well stand the strain of modern popularity as does Mr. Wells in these articles and papers. Everything conspires to destroy the style and balance of a modern author who has drawn to himself a large public. The successful author to-day lives on the telephone. He is perpetually invited to talk at large. The newspapers are all open to him. Invitations pour upon him to give his views, impressions, and recollections. This book of Mr. Wells, for example, begins with a call on the telephone. Mr. Wells answers the call: "Blériot has crossed the Channel. . . . An article . . . about what it means". That is the sort of thing to which a modern popular author must adapt himself. He must, above all, be fluent. Therein lies his extreme peril. Wycherley said of those "insects" called easy writers: "That is easy writing which anyone can easily write". We shall never know how many potential masters of style have been utterly destroyed by this perpetual modern necessity to flow illimitably at a moment's notice.

Mr. Wells bears his success as a practical writer (a practical writer to-day must somehow face the fact that his income is written in thousands of words) better than any man we know. He bubbles by nature. He has always swarmed with ideas and conjectures. He has a live and pliable mind, which readily accepts a new position, new facts, and new atmospheres. He has the courage to change his mind in public.

The papers of this volume range in date from April, 1909, to the present day. Mr. Wells talks of the air,

the King's accession, of the Empire and tariff reform, of labour and Socialism, of war and the modern novel, of the public library, of Sir Thomas More and Mr. Belloc, of London traffic, of divorce and schoolmasters, of motherhood, of the American people, of the mechanical and political forces latent in the undeveloped possibilities of science. Many of these subjects are usually not regarded as lending themselves to vivid writing or agreeable thinking. Tariff Reform, for example. Tariff Reform seems somehow to deaden the liveliest mind. It ought to be the most interesting thing in the world. It closely touches our lives and pockets. So, also, do the municipal elections. Nevertheless, it is unhappily true that the imagination of man has rarely been fired into great, or even pleasing, literature by discussions upon imports and exports, or upon municipal gas. Mr. Wells, however, is an exception that proves the truth. "Will the Empire Live"—a paper in which Tariff Reform, with other Imperial things, is discussed in the large, suggestive, agreeable, spaciouly vague and effortless manner distinctive of Mr. Wells—is a performance which in no way suggests the repellent schedule, the ambition to convert by figures, to which the specialist must resort in order to drive home his convictions. Mr. Wells could, if he wished, talk of municipal gas and water so that they would seem gates into Paradise. His secret lies partly in the smoothness of his writing. Latterly it has come to be too smooth. We feel the need in his style for more resistance. The penalty of ready writing seems at times to be almost overtaking him. Many of his liquid sentences lack spine. Nevertheless it enables him to sing of Tariff Reform as though it were a lullaby; and when Mr. Wells has time to stiffen his talk to the higher levels of his more considered work the effect is really good. Then there is another secret of Mr. Wells—his old secret of suggestiveness. His talk has a way of tailing off into asterisks—symbols of infinite and unutterable possibilities; invitations to the reader to lean back and think—or, more often, to dream.

It is not surprising to find Mr. Wells, in one of these papers, welcoming the tendency of modern novels to become long and discursive. Mr. Wells's account of the English novel is full of sense—especially those passages in which he ridicules the weary-giant theory of modern Englishmen, requiring only to be soothed after long days of intellectual activity and stress; those passages, too, in which Mr. Wells justly refuses any strict limitation, definition, or description of the novel, its length, character, style, or intention. Should it be a story, or an exhaustive presentation of a few characters; or a throng of figures swiftly and superficially presented? Should the author intrude with personal explanations, or stand aside? Should he discuss social conduct and the morality of the day, or should he present his fancies in the raiment of fineness? What is the use of all this idle questioning? How can we define the novel so as to include Fielding, Scott, Flaubert, Dickens, Stevenson, Hardy and Meredith? Mr. Wells, by the way, seems to fall into his own pit. Wisely he refuses to allow that novels should all be of a sort; but very distinctly he wishes that modern novels should all be of a sort. Mr. Wells wishes the contemporary novel to be a criticism of conduct. "The novelist . . . is going to present conduct, devise beautiful conduct, discuss conduct, analyse conduct, suggest conduct, illuminate it through and through." Very well. Let Mr. Wells write the novel of conduct, since he has forgotten how to write about sea-ladies and wonderful visits and wheels of chance. But let him not insist that we shall do the same. Let Mr. Wells write of "conduct" because it interests him, and because it touches his imagination. This is the only justification for writing of anything at all. But let him not insist that we all turn our pens in the same direction. We ourselves think this novel of "conduct" which Mr. Wells describes is moribund; but, so long as Mr. Wells knows that for him it is alive, we hope he will continue to write it at the top of his power.



## SUN AND SONG.

"Folk-Song of the Tuscan Hills." By Grace Warrack.  
The De La More Press. 10s. 6d. net.  
(Published this week.)

THERE comes a time of year when among some Northerners the wish to turn south for a while and get into Italian sun and blue is like the passion of a bird of passage—only the instinct of the man impels him to the south, whereas that of the bird is northward. This book has been artfully put forth at just the season when the instinct once more is growing masterful within us; for it is not so much the wish to escape the northern winter as to get a taste of the opening of the southern spring that urges one now to cross the water, go to sleep in winter on leaving the Gare de Lyon, and wake up somewhere about Avignon, in spring, to find the willows in their first green. Miss Warrack and Mr. Moring have between them contrived one of the most tantalising and one of the most beautiful books of the south for a northerner that could be imagined. Pretty books are often meretricious books, and when the first freshness of them fades, when the gilt dulls, they grow disgusting. Their beauty is but veneer-deep, and underneath is shabbiness and rubbish. But not so this book of peasant songs and verses, which has been thought out and worked out with conscientious skill and pains. It has been made into a thing of true delight, without a false feature in matter, illustration, and entire get-up. The frontispiece of the Tuscan straw-plaiter—Holman Hunt's picture—is a beautiful example of modern engraving; whilst several of the coloured pictures are as good as one could wish. They are Italy—for example, Barga, a little mountain town; or Mrs. Traquair's delicate miniature work, a border for verses, Versi Miniati; whilst Mr. Duncan's sketch of a mountain of Carrara recalls to us the mountains further south, where early last spring we saw the Alpine swift cleave the skies like an arrow at the close of its journey across the sea. It is rare to find a book so finely wrought as this. Miss Warrack has turned into English a large number of Tuscan trifles. They are not, either in English or in the original, great poetry. Often they are slightest of the slight—

"Siete bellina, e il ciel vi benedisce;  
Dove passate voi, l'erba ci nasce:  
Para una primavera che fiorisce,"

or even,

"Fiore di Zucca.  
Avete nel parlare il miele in bocca,  
E i vostri sdegni son olio di Lucca."

How can the skill of any translator make of material as slight as this, and sometimes perhaps slighter, poetry of great literary distinction? But it is in this very quality of slightness, and in the perfectly simple and direct way in which the lines have been put into English, that the charm and worth of the book are largely found. Here we have the Italian peasant's nature. It is absolutely the spirit of sun and blossom and colour and love and artless music all mingled that again and again one has been struck by whilst travelling through little Italian towns and villages in spring-time. It is not Tuscany alone. It is all the land around Naples. It is Sicily surely, out and out. We have driven through a little town in Sicily, found mud and miserable huts and abject poverty everywhere—even cholera raging in one instance—and yet the people, steeped in Sicilian sun and that intense, lustrous Mediterranean blue, sitting, idling out-of-doors, fairly brimming over in happiness and gay-hearted song! These people have nothing if they have not true poesy. The poetry of earth can no more die in them than in the grasshopper or the linnet. It is all orange-blossom and blackcap's song, and the author has captured the spirit of the thing and got it into her pages with a skill—and with a scholarship—that makers of books on Italy may well envy.

## ELIZABETH THE STATESMAN.

"Elizabeth and Mary Stuart." By Frank A. Mumby.  
Constable. 10s. 6d. net.  
(Published this week.)

IF the close of this book still leaves us baffled in our search for truth at least we know this—we are as near truth as were most of those sixteenth century schemers who strove to read the secret minds of their liege ladies. From the mass of letters here given we gather one impression absolutely definite: masculine Europe stood utterly bemused in the days of the "monstrous regiment of women".

Tradition has given Elizabeth Tudor the title she wished. She is "the Virgin Queen", but in the earlier years of her reign rumour ran otherwise. Bishop Quadra's letters to Philip of Spain are full of the Court gossip which connected her with Robert Dudley. Clearly she would have married him for love had her position been less exalted, but as Henry VIII. had made many marriages for the public good, so did his daughter remain single for the public good. What exactly may have been her relations with her favourite does not matter greatly. On a bed of sickness she swore their conduct had been always innocent. Later, trying to make a match between him and the Queen of Scots, she made the amazing suggestion that if Mary would marry him and be content to live with her she would pay the bill of the triple household. Her conduct gives us little faith in her denials. There seems to have been only one thing which she would not do for Dudley—make him her husband.

With the help of a little imagination and certain of these letters we can get a good idea of the personal as well as the political position of Elizabeth. She was the most coveted woman in the world. Her suitors came from France, Spain, Scotland, Sweden, and Denmark. To keep them in dalliance as long as possible, toying with the stronger princes and keeping at a distance the weaker ones, was to keep the peace and to give England extraordinary importance in the thoughts of Europe. Save Charles II. in his dealings with France and the Dutch no English monarch has ever had a harder diplomatic game to play—nor known better how to play it. Charles used much feminine cunning in his task; Elizabeth threw into hers not a small man's strength.

But the Queen would have been either less or more than human had she not taken a certain personal pleasure in the knowledge of her pursuit. She absorbed and was thirsty for flattery without allowing it to derange her wits, as a strong drinker can take delight in wine without showing its effects. Apart from State reasons we may guess it would have hurt her somewhat to throw over so many distinguished suitors for one who was her subject. Dudley may well have been the object of her passion without ever coming very near her heart. Those who declare that Elizabeth refused to take a husband because of her alleged physical disabilities can bring little evidence. It is far likelier the final barrier was formed by her mental qualities. All that we know of her character suggests she regarded herself as the mistress of love, and never could have so far forgotten herself as to become its slave.

Herein lay the great difference between the two women whose fortunes are discussed in these letters. Mary Stuart, as a child widow, may have had thoughts of staking her hand for political advantage. At least she played with the idea of the Dudley alliance seriously, but her temperament mastered her once it had been aroused. Most likely Darnley was sent north by Elizabeth expressly to captivate her rival and weaken her as a factor in politics. Mr. Mumby's volume is but a prologue to the tragedy which was to end at Fotheringhay. Leaving us to our own inferences it shows how the rival Queens appeared to the men and women of their time. Fittingly it closes with the first of Mary's false and fatal moves.

## OLLA PODRIDA.

"Men and Matters." By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

IT is men that matter. Dr. Ward interests us when his pen deals with personal characteristics—some of the people he describes he has known, of course, intimately. But on more abstract themes his reflections have always struck us as a little thin and conventional, and the chariot-wheels of his style drive heavily. He begins long sentences with "nay, more", takes a page to prove that "the suicide and the martyr for the Christian are not only not the same, but they are poles apart". Dr. Ward bestows great pains to show that Mr. Chesterton's antic disposition is not all cap and bells; we must take him seriously, even his telling us not to take him seriously. Really, it is hardly necessary to explain the Chestertonian jokes quite so gravely. "G.K.C." explodes a packet of dynamite under the established formulæ of Victorian Liberalism one after another, and does not pretend to be a constructive philosopher needing a scholiast. Dr. Ward reproves him for kicking Liberal theology so hard—"I differ from extreme Liberalism, of course"—as though there were any serious danger of our all becoming Dominics and Torquemadas in consequence. Dr. Ward's parentage should dispose him kindly to any enfant terrible of thought, though his own temper is Whiggish, or at least cisalpine. In expounding the prudent conservatism of Rome he claims that that Church alone has jealously guarded the general idea of ecclesiastical authority. Has he forgotten the Church of St. Athanasius and St. Chrysostom, to this day inflexibly traditional? It might also be objected that Papal absolutism has tended to depress all authority and jurisdiction, such as that of kings, not derived from itself, and that Jesuit and republican in the seventeenth century worked hand in hand.

The most interesting part of this collection of papers is the seventy pages devoted to Disraeli, of whom Dr. Ward tells some of the best anecdotes, and of whom he gives an appreciation marked by sympathy and insight. He does justice to the earnestness of conviction and reality of idealism which underlay Dizzy's cynical and often flippant manner, an extraordinary contrast to Gladstone's unctuous—though not therefore insincere—parade of exalted principle. We demur, however, to the comparison with Jingle and Pickwick. Gladstone was a kind of Peter the Hermit with a dash of Pecksniff, and Disraeli combined the oriental visionary with a bit of street-arab. Nor do we think that it was only in the last and Imperialistic phase of Lord Beaconsfield's career that his imagination was fired with great conceptions. What about "Tancred"? In one sense the change in his outlook on the world was in the opposite direction, for the earlier novels show many indications of sympathy with Young England ideals—tractarian, feudal, and patriarchal, but popular, with a detestation of Whiggery and scorn for Taper and Tadpole parliamentaryism. In his later years, however, we see him as a party leader with rather Low Church sympathies, with which he seems to have been curiously indoctrinated by Cairns, an Evangelical lawyer, who was not quite a gentleman. Disraeli made a great mistake in offending the High Church party, which was obviously the coming force in the Church, and the natural affinities of which are with Toryism. He threw this party to a great extent into the arms of Gladstone, enamoured though the latter had become of the beaux yeux of political dissent.

"Man only is great", wrote Disraeli in "Coningsby", "when he acts from the passions, never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements of human action and progress". Opposite to the author of these words sat during one Parliament the passionless "saint of rationalism", John Stuart Mill. Disraeli called him a political finishing governess. Yet Mill also passed through transforming phases. He cast off his Benthamite in-

dividualism as "sectarian folly", was hailed by Carlyle as "a new mystic", forsook his austere visions of the emancipated intellect, and assented to Goethe's saying "that ages of belief have been the only ages in which great things have been done". Were he able to reform the world, he wrote, he would preserve from a general extermination by revolutionists of everyone possessed of £500 a year a few dozen missionaries of truth, a large proportion of whom would be idealising Tories, who believe that it is good for man to be ruled. As for Liberalism, making every man his own guide and sovereign master, "it displays a thorough ignorance of man's nature, and of what is necessary for his happiness". In his closing years he leaned towards some form of theism, and the publication in 1874 of the posthumous "Essays on Religion" cast dismay into the camp of his disciples. Leslie Stephen was reported to have paced the room in uncontrollable indignation, while his wife kept repeating, "I told you so. I always said John Mill was orthodox".

Dr. Ward has a good deal to say about Newman's position, and his intimacy with Cardinal Vaughan and with Tennyson makes his chapters on those great men peculiarly interesting.

## GREECE TO-DAY.

"Hellas and the Balkan Wars." By D. J. Casavetti. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

"The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks upon the sea,  
And musing there, an hour, alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might yet be free."

M. CASAVETTI gives the almost fairy tale of the poet's vision realised. After the Turco-Greek war of 1897 all hopes of liberation from the Ottoman yoke dwindled to nearly a vanishing point. But what the Balkan States could not do to shake the power of the Turk the Committee of Union and Progress undertook, and Italy further laid the train for a rebellion against the Caliphate, so successful as to astound nobody more than the rebels. This book tells of the genesis and evolution of the plot against Turkey—as far as Greece went—with as much fairness as may be in one with Greek blood. In the passion of such a war, a life and death struggle, events are, of course, thrown somewhat out of focus, and tinged with the colour of the flag that shelters the observer—be he war correspondent or writer drawing his news from combatant sources. Yet M. Casavetti has been at great pains to authenticate his facts and give his authorities by name, and his book will be valuable for the later historian, who will have no easy task to discriminate amongst the mass of conflicting literature about the Balkan fighting. There is, however, little chance of shaking his version of the taking of Salonika by the Greeks, and the story of the second campaign between the quondam allies is well told; whilst the instructions of General Savoff for the treacherous attack upon the Greeks on the 29th June are for the first time published in English. It is curious such documents should be left for private enterprise to discover, and only a month ago the "Novoe Vremya" gave the complete text of a secret treaty between Roumania and Serbia directed against Austria-Hungary, which does not yet seem to have been published in the Western European press, though its accuracy was never questioned!

Some serious charges are brought against the Balkan correspondent of the "Times", but one would like to have Mr. Bouchier's version. In making the statements complained of, the correspondent probably had the same sort of official Bulgarian authority as M. Casavetti has Greek for traversing them—and M. Casavetti himself sorrowfully admits that truth is not the most prominent virtue of the modern Greek. Still M. Casavetti appears to have brought evidence which mostly is controllable, and, if true, proves his case.

When we leave aside the more disputatious subjects, such as massacres and comparative military achievements—passing incidents of war—we find the accounts of Greek organisation and Greek finance instructive. Especially the chapters by "Lascaris" on modern Greek manners and customs are full of colour and intimate touches that could only be put in by one who has fully sympathised with and has known the people all her life. The apology for inbred lying is amusing, and one can almost hear the servant protesting the monstrosity of believing he could tell a lie "*ἡμέρα πόνου ἔχει*" or the *bakkal* swearing he is losing money by his bargain: "*νὰ στραβάθω*"! A book might be written on picturesque Greek expressions and euphemisms, and though the devil is always upon the lips as "*διάβολος*", it is true he is often alluded to as "*The away from here*", "*ὁ ἔξω ἀπ' ἐδῶ*", especially in the island of Tinos, where stands the famous wonder-working shrine of the *Evangelistra* for casting out evil spirits, a sort of Orthodox Lourdes. The King of Greece periodically visits the island, and the popes adjure "*The away from here*" to go still further away, and quit the tormented body by the tips of the fingers or toes, or anywhere except by the eyes or ears, which such a tempestuous exit might destroy. We may point out that the translation given of Matsoukos's verses on a rich man is not quite correct. "*Παρὰ πρὸς πῆχυν σάβανο*" is not "*except a few feet of earth*". A *pic* is a measure of length—an ell roughly—and *σάβανο* is a "*suave*". It should read "*three ells of winding sheet*" that the millionaire takes with him, which is decidedly truer than earth, which was never his. A word might have been said by Lascaris for the superlative wealth of abuse at the command of the Greek, whose withering and terrific explosions of anathema make most other languages seem pale and insipid. One would not, however, give full-bodied examples—ink and paper would not have them. M. Casavetti illustrates his book with abundant, appropriate and pleasing photographs, and adds a full index and several useful maps. But why, in the map facing the description of the decisive battle of Kilikis do we seek in vain for sign of the position of Kilikis itself?

#### A NEW EDITION OF WAGNER.

"Parsifal." "Siegfried." "The Twilight of the Gods." Complete Vocal Scores by Otto Singer. English Translations by Ernest Newman. Breitkopf and Härtel. "Parsifal," 4s.; the others 5s. each.

SO long as Wagner's operas were the monopoly of one or two publishing firms the prices were kept unreasonably high; just as the prices of most of Brahms's works are preposterously high to-day. The wealthier classes, to whom Wagner and Brahms alike are fads to be regarded as not much more serious than tango teas, could, of course, easily afford "Parsifal" and the Brahms symphonies and chamber-music; but the ordinary student, to whom such compositions were as vitally important as daily bread, often had to deny himself daily bread to procure them. Had the profits been reaped by the composers, or even their heirs, grumbling would not have been justified, for the artist as well as the labourer is worthy of his hire; but we have excellent reasons for believing that the bulk of the proceeds of the sale of Wagner's works went to enrich only the publishers. The inflated price policy, we believe, was short-sighted. "Small profits and quick returns"—and we are sure that for each dozen students who could raise fifteen shillings for "Parsifal" there were a hundred who would readily and cheerfully have paid four shillings. So far as Wagner is concerned the bad days are past. Messrs. Breitkopf have now issued all the operas at prices varying from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings—"Parsifal" being four—and better value for money has never been offered. The paper is good and the type both of music and words beautifully clear. The eye is not confused by the sudden insertion of bars of reduced type to pack a bit more music into a page; indeed, not

the least merit of the edition is the ample spacing allowed, and pianists will appreciate the value of this feature in the piano-reductions of scores so complicated as those of the great Richard in his later style.

This does not sum up the matter. The finest printing and paper would not avail were the piano-reduction inadequate or, in the case of the English edition, the translations in the pigeon-English so long reckoned a fair equivalent of Wagner's "books". There is only one word to describe Mr. Newman's English versions—they are masterly. We have never been fanatical admirers of Wagner's words as poetry. He would have it that they were poetry, and his repugnance to the way composers and singers disregarded the "words" of earlier operas led him often to seem to claim greater artistic value for his own words than for the music. He was blindly followed by Wolzogen, Ashton Ellis, Chamberlain, and others; but nowadays we care nothing for these gentlemen and not much for Wagner's own views on the subject. It is enough that his "words for music" served his purpose in creating the music, and what we want is a translation that is singable and represents his meaning with the greatest possible exactness. "Greatest possible", we say, for it is rarely that a literal translation of a line of true poetry is truly poetical, and more rarely still does a literal translation of a line of Wagner's fit the music he set to it. With the minimum of tampering with the music Mr. Newman has fitted in words that are never hopelessly prosaic or banal and generally sufficiently poetic and effective. If we look at the French editions of the operas published during the last twenty years we find Wagner's glorious declamation treated with callous contempt, triplets being incessantly substituted for pairs of notes, and Mr. Newman's feat is one for which we ought to be grateful and on which he is to be congratulated.

There remain the pianoforte transcriptions of Mr. Singer. On the whole they are the most satisfactory yet made, with the exception of von Bülow's "Tristan". They give as much of the intricate web of the music as the ordinary pianist can tackle. Klindworth's transcriptions were too complicated, and in many cases—instance the Valkyries' Ride—misrepresentations; Kleinmichael's were thin to beggarliness. A good pianist who knows his Wagner can by "faking"—in the circumstances justifiable faking—give the listener a much truer idea of the orchestral colour of the music than he could possibly get in cold notes set down for the average player; but Mr. Singer has struck a fair mean; he does not dishearten one by enormous technical difficulties, nor is his version thin. The introductions, contents, and lists of the myriad motifs of the "Ring" by Mr. Carl Waack are all done as such things should be done. Especially it is pleasing to find that every chance phrase which happens to resemble another phrase is not labelled as a motif and profound inferences drawn. We fancy the "Times" critic will quarrel with his label for one of the Brünnhilda themes—the so-called "Sleep" motif; but, in spite of the tons of rubbish that have come from the Press dealing with this matter, we emphatically side with Mr. Waack. The publishers must be heartily thanked for this wonderful edition.

#### NOVELS.

"Stories of India." By Rose Reinhardt Anthon. Heinemann. 6s.

INDIA, with its golden spell, has long held the minds of men. Since Mr. W. F. Bain wrote his "Digit of the Moon" and Mr. Fielding Hall revealed "The Soul of the People" illumination has followed illumination.

In "Stories of India" Mrs. Rose Reinhardt Anthon certainly adds to the magic of Hind. Be it said at once her book is overlaid with description and her characters very obvious. She lacks both the subtlety of Mrs. Steel and the virility of Mr. Kipling. Her style is far too feminine, and tinged by Miss Marie Corelli. For instance, one comes across clumsy phrases like this,



which awaken one from the day-dreams of her mystical stories: "And to this day he is worshipped as the holy one whose misdirected concentration led him into swamps of materiality, but whose concentrated utterance of the Name of the Lord has shown to all mankind the power of that Name," and so on. But there are many virtues in the book. It recalls to one, in embellished versions, the old Sanscrit fables of bird and beast and tree and stream in the Bytal Pucheesee and Hitopadesa, which last was first made known in England under the title of "The Fables of Pilpay." These moral fables are curiously akin to those of Æsop, of La Fontaine, Lessing, Gellert, Kriloff, and the English fables of Gay. "The Saint and the Snake," as told by Mrs. Reinhardt Anthon, might have fallen from the lips of Æsop. But who knows whence assimilation, that constant problem to the student of comparative religion, folk-lore, or mythology, really springs? For instance, the story of "All for the Gooroo's Books" is dangerously like the old nursery rhyme of "The House that Jack Built," which has so many curious relations scattered all over the world, from a savage African one to that enshrined in a quaint sing-song hymn in the Jewish Passover Service:—

"One kid, one kid which my father bought for two  
suzim: one kid, one kid.

"And there came a cat and devoured the kid, which  
my father bought for two suzim: one kid, one kid!

"And there came a dog and bit the cat"; etc.

All whereof refers to the various trials and conquerors of Israel. Likewise the story of the Indian who falls into the pit he himself digged for another has not alone a Biblical parallel, but it is also the subject of Schiller's poem on the faithful page-boy Fridolin entitled "Der Gang Zum Eisenhammer". In "The Chela's Gift" we see the mysterious and wonderful faith of Brahman, Hindu, and Buddhist, who hold both the dew-drop and the ocean as part of the one manifest Lord. Krishna the gracious, god of love and women, master of asceticism and austerity, "Krishna the Butter-Thief," with his lute and his peacock feathers, dances through these stories, and the life of the great poet Kalidas is also well described. In "The Story of Ajamil" we have the tale of a native saint who made a ladder unto heaven of his sins, like unto Saint Augustine. The ascetics of India are in truth ever as many of the old saints of Europe, who turned to asceticism when passion was dead. Indeed, in the four-fold stages of life in the ancient Brahman code of ethics, the "householder" stage always preceded that of the "hermit". In "The Story of Ajamil" we have the author both at her best and at her worst. Surely it would take several D'Annunzios to outshine sentences like these: "On the roadside, linked in the arms of a man, passed, each steeped in the aroma of lustful flesh and bounding blood; but each young, warm, and passionate, and both good to look upon, and both gay with over-much wine. He heard their fevered laugh, half-smothered by kissing, and heard the soft, gurgling notes of the woman's voice."

**"Jacob Elthorne." By Darrell Figgis. Dent. 6s.**

The biographical novel which Mr. H. G. Wells reintroduced seems to be liked by the younger novelists. It is a revolt from impressionism, a return to the methods of an earlier and more leisurely school of fiction writers. "Jacob Elthorne," by Mr. Darrell Figgis, inevitably suggests comparison with Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street". Both are chronicles of lives from infancy to the grave. Both aim at tracing the physical, mental and spiritual evolution of their heroes. Mr. Mackenzie's method is the more elaborate. He is not content to omit any minute detail of life which imagination or memory can supply. Mr. Darrell Figgis is only concerned with Jacob Elthorne's boyhood and youth in so far as they help us to realise and understand his manhood. His book is an exercise in psychology, and as such is more ambitious than Mr. Mackenzie's. Mr. Figgis would show us a genius in the making. Jacob Elthorne at a very early age wished to assert himself. He longed to

take the lead always and pictured himself now as a great orator, now as a great writer, but always as one prominent in the public eye. It was upon literature that his choice finally fell, and Mr. Figgis assures us several times that his hero was a genius. This assurance ought to have been unnecessary, but unfortunately it is not. If a novelist tells his readers that a character in his book was a brilliant conversationalist, we expect, at any rate, to be convinced by examples of his wit. And so with Jacob Elthorne. We wait expectantly for some proof of his genius, and it never comes. We have to take the author's word for it. But we really get to know Jacob Elthorne very well. He is flesh and blood and not a mere dummy tricked out to express Mr. Darrell Figgis's ideas. He has his points, but he is not an altogether attractive character. There is something of the unlicked cub about him even in his maturity. He fails to understand the amenities of life and in his relations with his wife he is annoyingly pompous and tedious. It is not fair, of course, to identify an author with his characters, but it is impossible to resist the conclusion that Jacob Elthorne in his literary work was very much like Mr. Darrell Figgis. That is to say, although full of promise, he was immature. He lacked simplicity of aim and directness of vision. He was ever torturing himself about his own mind, restlessly trying to disentangle his relations to life and truth. It seems almost ungrateful to damn with faint praise a book that contains so much good work as "Jacob Elthorne". But it is because we regard it as so much better than the ordinary novel that we have drawn attention to some of its more obvious defects. Time, we hope, may remove a certain humour-lacking bitterness that pervades the author's work, evidence of a cramped and partial vision. Mr. Figgis should try to see life more kindly, with more charity and sweetness.

**"War." By W. Douglas Newton. Methuen. 2s. net.**

This book comes to us with a preface by Monsignor Benson and a page and a half of quotation from some unpublished work by Mr. Kipling. It is a chronicle of a series of incidents supposed to take place during a war of invasion and witnessed by a civilian who is eventually shot as a franc-tireur. Clearly the author's object has been to send a message of warning to the dilatory people of England. He represents them as utterly lethargic until the moment when they find blood and iron at their doors. Very rightly he strips war of all its traditional pomp and circumstance, showing it as the most hideous of devastating agencies which modern efficiency has produced. It is to be feared, however, that critics who do not share his views on the question of armaments will comment adversely on the magic ease with which he lands his invaders. But, from that point onwards, his work is sound. With the enemy once on our shore the rest follows naturally, and it is all described with a realism too grim to be sensational in the ordinary sense of the word. To some, we trust, it may prove instructive, but as literature intended for purposes of propaganda we cannot imagine that anything could be more powerful than a translation of Zola's "La Débâcle" in a popular edition. Zola was a pacifist by nature and in politics, yet no man has ever given as real and terrible a picture of the fate of a nation insufficiently in arms.

**LATEST BOOKS.**

**"Siciliana." By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton Bell. Bell. 5s. net.**

The Germans are devoted to Italy—though it does not follow the Italians are devoted to Germany. More and more every year the Germans travel in the country, make themselves quite at home there, get better seats in the trains, better beds in some of the purely Italian hotels—at a lesser charge—than, at any rate, English people, and appear always to have at least some smattering of the language. They see everything as resolutely as an American—though some of us in England who detest seeing everything resolutely take comfort to ourselves in the thought that seeing everything resolutely may be seeing very

little. One suspects, however, despite his success, the presence of a certain lager beer tripper element in many a German traveller in Italy. Not so Gregorovius who travelled in Sicily and studied Naples in 1853 and again in the 'eighties. We are not greatly interested in the historical part of his book: there is too much of the sawdust of date and fact about it. But the sketches of Segeste, of Selinunte, of Palermo and of Monreale are really very good indeed of their kind. It is a much better book on this part of Italy than any modern one we have read or glanced at lately; and the account of Selinunte especially is as sensitive and vivid as anything of Addington Symonds on Southern Italy. He fails, however, to give a true idea of the splendour of Monreale Cathedral and he overlooks San Giovanni d'Eremita in Palermo, the most beautiful small building perhaps in all Southern Italy.

"Simplified Spelling: An Appeal to Common Sense." The Simplified Spelling Society. 6d.

"An appeal to common sense"—yes, indeed, the spelling of the Simplified Society will appeal to the common sense of us all when we have carried through the other pressing reforms of our greatest thinkers and movers to-day. When, for example, we have abolished the stupid old English language and all the other stupid, inconsistent old languages of the world now in fossilised use and substituted for them Esperanto. When, for example, we have swept into the rubbish heap the absurd old system of modern society and substituted for it the scientific and thoroughly practicable and sane Fabianism of Mr. Wells or the equally statesmanlike Syndicalism of Mr. Larkin, and when we have called in and divided up with Mr. Bernard Shaw the stuff generally. When, too, we have stripped our national galleries of the worn-out, miserable, unimaginative old masters and put in their place the works of the paulo-post-futurists. So bravo the simplified spellers who have made this brilyant litel volyum for sikspsens. And bravo Mr. Andru Carnegie and the Vies-Chaanselor ov the Yunivursiti ov Leeds.

"Catalogue of Egyptian Scarabs, etc., in the British Museum." By H. R. Hall. Sold at the British Museum and Longmans.

We are glad to handle the opening volume—"Royal Scarabs"—of this fine work of Egyptian scholarship, and we hope to review it at length when it is complete. For a work of this kind national aid is quite necessary, of course, and we can hardly imagine national aid in a better intellectual cause. Here are descriptions—many of them illustrated in line and in small and exact half-tones—of upwards of two thousand nine hundred scarabs, cylinder seals, button seals, scaraboids, cowdroids and plaques in the Museum; and Mr. Hall gives us an illuminating introductory sketch of these amulets and seals, their origin and use. The scarab was wholly religious or magical at the start, though later it became degraded, and several of its later forms seem to have been put to purely practical or to ornamental purposes. It is easy to understand the significance which the early Egyptians attached to the burying beetle, and how they came to see in it an emblem of resurrection. The transformations of the butterfly even to-day, at times almost resistlessly, set us moderns thinking of the same idea. The early Egyptians saw in the scarabæus a promise of a new life in the underworld, and to assure this to the dead man they placed carefully over his heart a little stone image of the beetle. The whole story is one of strange charm and beauty, and we thank Mr. Hall for the care and the clearness with which he tells it. Mr. Wallis Budge tells us, in a few prefatory words, that the collection of Royal Scarabs in the British Museum is the largest in the world: it is, he says, invaluable to the student of Egypt. And there should be many, who cannot claim to be Egyptologists at all, to discover a deep interest in the subject.

"L'Albanie et Napoléon." Par A. Boppe. Hachette. 3 fr. 50.

At the present time when Albania is something of a bone of contention among the European Powers there is an interest in considering the position that troubled and troublesome land occupied in international politics some hundred years ago. In this book by M. Boppe the figure of Ali Pacha stands out strongly. He was a strong man and seems to have been a master of intrigue. Almost completely independent of the Sultan, he aspired to be King of Epirus and allied himself indifferently with the French or with the English and Russians, according to the advantages which either side might be able at the moment to offer. When balked in his aims he behaved with tremendous ferocity, and in the end Napoleon would have willingly hung him for a brigand who could not even observe the code of honour current among thieves. From stage to stage of the narrative of those years it is evident that the Emperor had several plans for doing something really serious in Albania, but other preoccupations always prevented their fruition. The book is, however, interesting for its picture of Ali and his people, and we have glimpses of Byron and Hobhouse on their travels, as well as of Hudson Lowe, Richard Church, and other familiar personages.

"The Trial of the Seddons." Edited by Filson Young. Hodge. 5s.

This is the latest volume of an established series of "notable English trials." The trial itself is clearly presented in docu-

mentary form. Mr. Filson Young, as editor, introduces the evidence with an able, brief narrative, touched into distinction by the emotion he clearly feels—and judiciously suppresses—in face of the many problems of law and nature implicated in this terrible story. Mr. Filson Young's views on the Seddon trial are well-known—that it illustrates a change that has come over English criminal justice, a gradual departing from the old formula that a prisoner is innocent until he is proved guilty. Presumption of guilt, from inferences, undoubtedly figured importantly in the Seddon trial. This trial was a legal, as well as a human, sensation. But Mr. Filson Young has no rude criticism to offer in these pages. Let the evidence speak quietly for itself. Mr. Filson Young admirably prepares the reader for his documents, dealing with the principal figures and incidents of the story with fairness to all. Among his other advantages as editor, Mr. Young has that of dealing with things actually felt and seen. He was in court all through the trial, and is directly acquainted with the leading figures.

"Remarkable Women of France." By Lt.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

Remarkable women in light history are all alike. Colonel Haggard's series begins with Marguerite de Valois and ends with the Marquise de Pompadour. It is a gallery varying from canvas to canvas only in little things. All are alike in that they are women first, and almost anything afterwards. How these remarkable women have forwarded the study of history in modern times! The light that beats upon a throne only begins to beat with real ferocity when the monarch has retired into what he or she fondly imagines to be her private apartments. The hearts of kings are to-day in the hands of the authors of women's biographies.

"The Bankside Acting Shakespeare for Schools." Edited by F. J. H. Darton. Wells, Gardner. 6d. each.

We would choose to use this school edition of the plays of Shakespeare rather than any of the more formal books. Shakespeare should be introduced to young people as a practical playwright, not as a text for commentary. We have unhappy memories of the sort of editor who makes it his chief business to collect and explain things like the proleptic adjective. This Bankside edition introduces Shakespeare as a writer of plays to be acted. It tells the master and pupil all they are likely to require concerning Shakespeare's stage; and sets forth the rough minimum of space and effects necessary to drill pupils into a competent presentation of the plays, roughly as Shakespeare wrote them. We are glad to see this movement towards a live and vivid treatment of Shakespeare in our schools. Few teachers can honestly plead want of the necessary resources. A moderately spacious classroom with a rough open platform and a traverse at the back is all they need. No front curtain or proscenium or scenery or footlights or any modern devices of the picture stage are necessary. These books should be widely used.

"The Wayfarer's Library." Dent. 1s. each.

Mr. Dent intends during the year to issue some fifty volumes of this library at a shilling. In format and content the books are to be light and cheerful. The first volumes include books by Mr. Chesterton, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennet, Charles Lamb, and Sir Arthur Quiller Couch.

"Royal Academy Lectures on Painting." By G. Clausen, R.A., R.W.S. 30 illustrations. Methuen. 6s.

If any refutation of that old charge against artists were required, the charge that *ipso facto* they make prejudiced and unreliable critics, Mr. Clausen's lectures would be a valuable ally. They are tolerant, wise and searching criticism, admirably stimulating for his hearers and for his readers full of suggestion. They are a clean break from the rotund kind of oratorical lectures some of his predecessors delivered. Himself an "impressionist" Mr. Clausen thus diagnoses the extravagances of to-day: "These violent outbreaks (which, he thinks, will follow l'Art Nouveau to oblivion) . . . show that painting is not quite in a healthy state, and I think the reason is mainly the disintegrating effect of impressionism." Impressionism led to incoherence, and the prescribed remedy "is to begin again from the beginning as in the childhood of civilisation". But, he adds, "this is not possible; we cannot get outside our conditions. The remedy is not to break with tradition but to develop tradition and accept frankly the conditions of our time with such opportunities for beauty as it affords." It is to the early painters, their simplicity and singlemindedness, not to the decadents, that we should look. The illustrations are extremely well chosen. None but a practising artist, to whom the inner problems of art are immediate and inevitable and whose mental fabric has been woven by the endeavour to solve them practically, could have produced these lectures, with their deep conviction and authority.

"Baroque Architecture." By M. S. Briggs. 109 illustrations. Fisher Unwin. 1 guinea.

"In all ages there have been some excellent workmen and some excellent work done." This is Mr. Briggs's excuse for



producing a book on Baroque Architecture, which, it is safe to say, very few people have been able to look at with unbiassed eyes. The subject, we believe, has never been dealt with thoroughly; given its bad name, derived perhaps from *barocca*, an ill-shapen pearl (latin *verruca*), which spreads "to the fantastic, the bizarre and the decadent," the architecture that is most common all over Europe has been more or less contemptuously dismissed by students. The masters of Baroque are Bernini, Baldassare Longhena, whose Venetian palazzi are most impressive buildings; Michelangelo and Palladio, Inigo Jones and Wren; the Baroque also is responsible for the most irritatingly vulgar things in architecture; it is a wide subject. Mr. Briggs tackles it in a discriminating spirit and so thoroughly as to draw in its chief features of excellence and badness. He deals at length with Italy, Germany and Austria; has a full chapter on French Baroque; goes to Spain, Portugal and Mexico, Belgium and Holland and ends with England and Vanbrugh, on whose sins, Blenheim and Castle Howard, he dwells rather than on Seaton Delaval. The book is finely illustrated.

"The Comic Kingdom." By Rudolf Pickthall. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Pickthall has chosen to put his story of Napoleon's kingdom of Elba into a form more or less resembling that of the "guide-book novel," which Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have made popular. Sometimes he amuses us with accounts of the vagaries of one Orestes who helped and hindered him in his inspection of the island, but he does not confine himself to this amiable fooling. There are some strong sketches of the great Emperor in holiday mood enjoying his ten months of rest while he planned a fresh term of power. Undoubtedly the exile had his sense of humour. For the time being he decided to turn the sword into a ploughshare, for he actually set his veterans to the cultivation of potatoes. Cambonne and Drouot, who had been allowed to accompany him to his "comic kingdom," were able to plead, after Waterloo, that they had been fighting not as rebels to the House of Bourbon but as loyal subjects of Elba's monarch! Mr. Pickthall shows in several convincing passages how cleverly Napoleon duped the spies of Europe whilst he seemed busy with building an opera house or amusing himself with the local ladies at blind man's buff. Flag, court, cabinet, and miniature army, he had everything as complete as a Prince of Monaco. Sulky he may have been at times, but we cannot doubt that he got some enjoyment from his toy.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

### ARR.

The Art of the Wallace Collection (Henry C. Shelley). Simpkin. 6s. net.

Winchester: A Sketch Book (Gordon Horne). Black. 1s. net.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Mother Mabel Digby, 1835-1911 (Anne Pollen). Murray. 12s. net.

On the Left of a Throne: A Personal Study of James Duke of Monmouth (Mrs. Evan Nepean). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

Men I Remember (William Macgillivray). Foulis.

Lives and Legends of English Saints (L. M. Shortt). Methuen. 6s. net.

The Image of War: A Sporting Autobiography ("Snaffle"). Blackwood. 15s. net.

The Life of David Lloyd George (J. Hugh Edwards, M.P.). Vol. II. Waverley Book Co. 7s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

The City of Hope (C. Fox Smith). Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

"It Will be All Right!" (Tom Gallon). Hutchinson. 6s.

Marcelle the Lovable (Auguste Maquet). Greening. 6s.

Two in the Wilderness (Stanley Washburn); Jehane of the Forest (L. A. Talbot). Melrose. 6s. each.

The Strong Heart (A. K. Goring-Thomas). Lane. 6s.

The Purple Light (Buchan Landor). Holden and Hardingham. 6s.

Julia (Harold Wimbury). Ouseley. 6s.

The Bridge (Mark Somers). Fisher Unwin. 6s.

Monksbridge (John Ayscough). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

The Way of Little Gidding (E. K. Seth-Smith). Allenson. 3s. 6d.

Blacklaw (Sir George Makgill). Methuen. 6s.

The Making of a Bigot (Rose Macaulay). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

Once upon a Time (H. B. Marriott Watson). Dent. 6s.

The Crimson Honeymoon (Headon Hill). Ward Lock. 6s.

In Search of a Husband (Corra Harris). Grant Richards. 6s.

The Children of the Dead End (Patrick Macgill). Jenkins. 6s.

Belle Nairn (Ray Meldrum); The Tresleys (Henry Cockburn). Melrose. 6s. each.

### HISTORY.

Elizabeth and Mary Stuart: The Beginning of the Feud (Frank Arthur Mumby). Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

The Campaign of Liao-Yang (Major H. Rowan-Robinson). Constable. 6s. 6d. net.

The Reign of Henry the Fifth (James Hamilton Wylie). Vol. I. 1413-1415. Cambridge University Press. 25s. net.

History of Roman Private Law (E. C. Clark). Part II. Cambridge University Press. 2 Vols. 21s. net.

Remarkable Women of France. From 1431 to 1749 (Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard). Stanley Paul. 16s. net.

The House of Cecil (G. Ravenscroft Dennis). Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

History of the Nations (Edited by Walter Hutchinson). Part III. Hutchinson. 7d. net.

### REFERENCE BOOKS.

London Diocese Book (Edited by the Rev. Prebendary Glendinning Nash and the Rev. Canon Adam Glendinning Nash). S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.

### REPRINTS.

The Schoolmaster (Arthur Christopher Benson). Murray. 1s. net.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

Progressive Précis Writing (H. Latter), 3s. 6d.; A Shorter Second Latin Course (E. H. Scott and Frank Jones), 2s.; Heroes of Exploration (Alfred J. Ker and Charles H. Cleaver); Heroines of European History (A. R. Hope Moncreiff), 1s. 6d. each; Synthetic Latin Vocabularies (Rev. Hedley V. Taylor), 1s.; Contes de l'Heure Présente (Maurice Level and Charles Robert Dumas); Lays of Ancient Rome (Lord Macaulay), 10d. each; Theuriot's "L'Oncle Scipion et sa promesse" (Edited by James P. Park), 8d.; Heinrich Seidel's "Der Unsichtbare" (Edited by Alfred Oswald), 6d.; Laurette ou Le Cachet Rouge (Edited by Thomas Keen); Souvenirs de Madame le Brun (Chosen and Edited by Edith H. Herbert); Thierry's Récits des Temps Mérovingiens (Edited by Taylor Dyson), 4d. each. Blackie.

The Bankside Acting Edition of Shakespeare for Schools (Edited by F. J. H. Darton): A Midsummer Night's Dream; King Richard the Second; The Merchant of Venice. Wells Gardner. 6d. each.

Test Papers in Elementary Algebra (Clement V. Durell). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Britain and Her Neighbours.—Book V., 1485-1688; The New Liberty, Book VI.; From 1688; The Modern World, 1s. 8d. each; Bamboula: Livre de Lecture à l'Usage des Elèves de Deuxième année (A. S. Treves); Rambles Among our Industries (William J. Claxton); The Seaman and His Craft; Leather and Bootmaking; Paper and Printing; In the Potteries; Wool and the Weaver, 9d. each; Passages for French Dictation and Unseen Translation (Selected by D. A. Wynne Willson), 6d., Blackie.

### SCIENCE.

Chemistry and Its Borderland (Alfred W. Stewart). Longmans. 5s. net.

### THEOLOGY.

Judaism and St. Paul (C. G. Montefiore). Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.

The Miracle of Christianity: A Plea for "The Critical School" in Regard to the Use of the Creeds (J. F. Bethune-Baker). Longmans. 6d. net.

The Poem of Job (Translated in the Metre of the Original by Edw. G. King). Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

Comity, Concord and Communion: An Appeal to Anglicans. With a Note on the Proceedings at Kikuyu (C. R. Davey Biggs). Oxford: Blackwell. 6d. net.

### TRAVEL.

The Old Transport Road (Stanley Portal Hyatt). Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.

Siam and China (Salvatore Besso). Simpkin. 30s. net.

The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday (Nevin O. Winter). Simpkin. 10s. 6d. net.

My Happy Hunting Grounds (Alfred Erskine Gathorne-Hardy). Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

Days in Attica (Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

### VERSE.

The Tale of Florentius and other Poems (A. G. Shirreff). Oxford: Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net.

Side-slips (J. Griffyth Fairfax). Goschen. 4s. 6d. net.

Glimmer of Dawn (Leo C. Robertson). Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Child Labour in the United Kingdom (Frederic Keeling). King. 7s. 6d. net.

Civil Service of Great Britain, The (Robert Moses); The Policy of the United States towards Industrial Monopoly (Oswald Whitman Knauth), 8s. each; Speculation on the New York Stock Exchange (Algernon Ashburner Osborne), 6s. New York: Columbia University; London: King.

Co-operation of Science and Industry, The (S. Roy Illingworth). Griffin. 1s. 6d. net.

Diocese of Chelmsford and Its First Bishop, The. Robert Scott. 6d. net.

From Locke to Montessori (William Boyd), 2s. 6d. net; Schiller and His Poetry (William Henry Hudson). 1s. net. Harrop.

Land and the Politicians (Harman Grisewood and Ellis Robins). Duckworth. 1s. net.

Lectures on Dryden. Delivered by A. W. Verrall (Edited by Margaret de G. Verrall). Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

Panama Canal, The (Frederic J. Haskin). Heinemann. 6s. net.

Reflections on the Problems of India (Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia). Dent. 3s. net.

Some Plain Words to the English People (Arthur Bennett). Warrington: The "Sunrise" Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Tower of the Mirrors, The, and other Essays on the Spirit of Places (Vernon Lee). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

Travellers' Tales of Scotland (R. H. Coats). Paisley. Gardner. 2s. 6d. net.

Village Silhouettes (Charles L. Marson). Society of SS. Peter and Paul. 2s. 6d. net.

Women Workers in Seven Professions (Edited by Edith J. Morley). Routledge. 6s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR MARCH:—Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d. net; International Theosophical Chronicle, 6d. net; Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society, 6s.; Harper's Magazine, 1s.; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net.



## FINANCE. THE CITY.

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THE past week's events upon the Stock Exchange have been inspired by two factors—the political situation here and the financial position in Paris. The absence of public confidence is principally due to the lack of professional initiative, and until the Cabinet chooses to disclose its hand concerning the Irish question there is no likelihood of professional interests renewing the activity which marked the opening of the month.

Making allowance for the extent of the recent advance, the present relapse of securities cannot be regarded as alarming; but the persistency of liquidation has made it clear that dealers do not care to retain superfluous stock upon their books whilst the Government is still juggling with the Ulster question.

According to late advices, there is a possibility of the French financial strain being relieved, to some extent, by the assistance of an influential banking group. During the week, however, this assistance was regarded as a remote possibility, and continuous liquidation from Paris accentuated the existing depression all round the House. It is impossible to say at the moment to what extent the rumoured financial assistance will be forthcoming, but in view of the difficulties of two more prominent French banks it is obvious that the help will have to be substantial, even if only to avoid the suspension of the houses concerned.

With this critical situation in Paris, the continued liquidation here is not surprising; and, despite the occasional rally of securities, there will be no real stability until the big French loan is dissipated. There appears to be a possibility of this being effected within the next fortnight, and in that case much of the French liquidation in London would cease. As far as the Bourse is concerned, however—and incidentally those securities which command the attention of Paris here—there is still the possibility of further depression when it is considered that the Continent is still struggling with the monetary consequences of the Balkan War.

The condition of the Money market at the moment is perfectly sound, as the recent Bank statement shows, and there is no reason to abandon the idea of an early resumption of the upward movement of Stock Exchange securities. In view, however, of the large volume of new capital issues, and the disturbed state of politics at home and abroad, it would be advisable for public operators to restrict their commitments for a time.

Whilst public response to fresh issues is less ready than was the case a fortnight ago, speaking generally underwriters continue to enjoy a good measure of success. The British Empire Steam Navigation issue of £250,000 Five and a-Half per Cent. Debentures, at 97 per cent., was well taken up, and the offer of £381,500 Five per Cent. Debentures at par by the Corporation of Point Grey received moderate support.

Political conditions in Mexico have left their mark upon existing securities this week, but they have not had the effect of retarding response to the fresh issue of the City of Buenos Aires. The loan, issued by Baring Bros., was in Five per Cent. Bonds to the extent of £2,460,300, and was well subscribed at 95½ per cent. The issue of £700,000 Five per Cent. Debentures at £101 by the Royal Mail Steam Packet met with moderate support, and there is little probability of the underwriters of the City of Riga loan for £1,300,000 Five per Cent. Debentures being left with much of the issue. The stock, which is offered at 91½, is now quoted at half premium on the Stock Exchange.

One of the most interesting future issues will be that of Messrs. Lever Bros. This firm has enjoyed no small measure of success during the past year, as their report shows, there being an available balance of no less than £988,238, compared with £779,403 for the previous year. There is therefore little doubt that the pending issue of £1,000,000 in "C" Preference shares will meet with ready public response, although the shares will probably be offered at 1s. premium.

The proposal of the Niger Company to increase its capital to £3,000,000, of which £300,000 will be immediately issued, is interesting, inasmuch as the money will be devoted to opening up railway communication in the Nigerias, and to the rapid development of the mining and other enterprises in which the company is so successfully engaged. A Canadian Government loan of £5,000,000 in Four-per-cents. is also being underwritten, and the issue price will probably be 99 per cent.

Other issues in the immediate future are hardly so interesting from the public point of view, but there is a pending Cordoba Central Railway loan of £1,250,000 in Four and a-Half per Cent. Second Debentures, which may prove attractive if issued at 81 per cent.

The drop of a half-point in Consols since last week has been due to some extent to the influence of the Mexican political situation, but on the other hand public investment has utterly collapsed for the time being, and further "sagging" of gilt-edged securities next week seems probable, unless politics or French finance show a drastic alteration for the good.

The Home Railway market has shown no disposition to run contrary to the general downward movement during the week, and few profits have been made otherwise than upon the "bear" tack. The most interesting point connected with this market has been the remarks of Viscount Churchill at the Great Western meeting. The line has experienced a generally successful year, there having been an increase of over £1,000,000 in receipts, although working expenses increased by £718,000. The chairman's reference to the fact that since 1911 the company had granted concessions to its employees amounting to no less than a quarter of a million was particularly interesting from the point of view of its bearing upon the general railway labour situation.

Americans have been freely liquidated at various periods, and show no immediate prospect of recovery, Amsterdam and Berlin being at present engaged in "bear" operations, whilst Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk traffics have exaggerated the depression. The latest advices from Paris concerning the monetary outlook have had the effect of recovering some of the foreign railway and bond issues from the worst points, but Cuban Ports have fallen heavily to 43 on Continental liquidation.

Mining shares have been in a condition of stagnancy, with the exception of the Russian group, which continues to draw the professional gambler. Attention was drawn in these columns last week to the wild inflation of Russo-Asiatic shares, and since then a further considerable appreciation has been registered, the £1 shares now standing close upon £7. This dizzy height rather sadly reminds one of the Anglo-Continental fiasco, and not a few onlookers are wondering how soon the collapse will come and who will be left with the precious shares.

Industrial issues have fluctuated within small range, but Niger Company shares have been a good feature at 3½ on a prospective bonus issue of Preference shares, in connection with their increased capital already referred to. Both Rubber and Oil shares have been retarded by the French situation, and the House does not anticipate any immediate improvement in these sections.

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The report just issued shows that this sum will be largely exceeded. At the close of last year—the fourth of the quinquennial term—there was a net surplus of £1,270,536, after provision had been made for all immediate and contingent liabilities, for a reduction of £69,356 in the amount of the assets on re-valuation, and for the allotment of £33,460 to policyholders entitled to share during 1913. A portion of this huge surplus—its amount will be greatly enlarged by December 31st next—will, of course, have to be retained on behalf of the holders of deferred dividend policies, but it is not less certain that the amount which will be available for policies with quinquennial distribution will prove unexpectedly large, and will provide bonuses much more liberal than could be declared in 1910.

An examination of the reports and accounts for the last four years shows that the Canada Life steadily increased in prosperity throughout that period. Both the premium income and the revenue from investments expanded in most satisfactory fashion—the former from £783,775 in 1909 to £971,775 in 1913, and the latter from £370,240 to £552,553, while the amount of the assurance and annuity funds rose from £7,890,420 to £10,409,014, or by £2,518,590, and the amount of the annuity income from £27,917 to

(Continued on page 286.)

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## SELFRIDGE &amp; COMPANY

THE Annual General Meeting of Selfridge and Company, Limited, was held on Monday at the company's offices, Oxford Street, W.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, the Chairman, presided, and said:—"Our fiscal year closed on 31st January, and our balance-sheet is made up to that date. We are now able, at the end of four years and ten and a-half months' trading, to announce for the past twelve months a net profit of £121,546 17s. 11d., which result has been arrived at after a very conservative inventory of our stock-in-trade and of our sundry debtors. This business has no desire to deceive itself, and we are always inclined to value these two items at less than they are worth rather than more. To the above sum must be added the amount of £8,000 brought forward from last year, giving a total of £129,546 17s. 11d. The Debenture interest, which is growing smaller each year as the Debentures are redeemed, amounts to £19,150 16s. 8d., and this, with the Preference dividend of £24,000, equals the sum of £43,150 16s. 8d., leaving a balance of £86,396 1s. 3d. It will be seen that we have applied £50,000 of this sum in writing down the item of preliminary outlays, leaving but a small remainder of that once large account, while £5,000 has been used in reducing the book value of fixtures, fittings, etc., although in fact they are worth decidedly more than the amount at which they now stand, because large sums are being spent monthly upon improving and making better these various items, which sums are charged to current expense. After subtracting these two items from the available balance we still have £41,396 1s. 3d. remaining, which amount it is recommended shall be partially used in payment of a dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, amounting to £25,000, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £16,396 1s. 3d. It is agreeable to repeat the statement made last year in regard to returns, for during practically every day of 1913 our returns have been greater than for any corresponding day in the history of the business. Of course, our expense per cent. has decreased, which has enabled us to reduce our gross profit per cent. in a large number of our departments. We prefer to do a greater and continually greater return at a small gross profit, making our increases in actual profit through larger business rather than larger gross per cent. We insist, in all circumstances, upon holding and proving continually that phrase which has been associated with this house since its opening day, namely, "London's lowest prices, always, qualities considered," but we do not allow ourselves to forget that other equally important axiom, "Quality remains in mind long after the price has been forgotten." Quality, dependability, come first, but having these ensured, our prices for those standards must be the lowest, and each one of our entire staff of 3,000 people is personally interested and watchful in seeing that this vitally important point shall never be transgressed. Our stock-in-trade is somewhat larger than that shown last year, and it is our intention to have this a growing account from now on. Our desire is to see the number of times the stock turns each year, reach and maintain the proper figure, and this point being gained the larger the stock itself the better, and we place no limit on the amount at which the stock must finally stand. It is not uninteresting to know that our number of times turned in 1913 was decidedly greater than during 1912, and, of course, much the best since the business was begun. For the fifth successive year we feel we are risking little in prophesying for this twelve months upon which we have just entered a greater return and a greater net profit—incidentally, it may be added that our returns or business done during February thus far show a greater increase per cent. than during any previous month since the doors were opened. A business such as this should never cease growing; no house in any city in the world has ever yet exhausted all of its opportunities for development. None has ever reached final perfection, and none, given the necessary qualifications, but can discover ways of doing better. Since our last report our number of Preference shareholders has been much increased, and I want to say we are delighted to welcome those who have recently joined this business family, both as shareholders or part-proprietors, so to speak, as critics, and, we hope, as regular customers. We are striving to win as large a proportion of the month's entire purchases from each customer, each visitor, as we can, and especially from those who will receive every half year a dividend from their Preference shares of this business. May we not fairly hope for a good proportion of their expenditure? One of the fundamental principles of this house has been the development of ability within its staff. This business is conducted on lines which first offer promotion to those in the ranks when positions become available, thus supplying a wonderful incentive to every member of the staff—man or woman—from the least important junior up, to fit himself for the duties of the post higher up, and each knows that he will be first considered and given the opportunity if his work has proved him entitled to that opportunity. As nearly as such can be, this business offers a field for "a career open to merit," and this is continually demonstrated, one recent proof being the selection of three young men for the posts as directors, whose election, it is asked, shall be confirmed to-day. Each of these men has been on the rolls from the start and each has won his present position through ability and hard work. It is our desire that this shall in no way be a so-called one-man business, but that it shall rest on the broad foundations of a great organisation. The rapid development of this business has helped rather than disturbed those splendid old business houses of London whose names have been so long and so favourably known. We felt sure such would be the case, and so advertised in our first public announcements, and it is particularly pleasing to see the truth of this unquestionably demonstrated. We are professedly optimists, and with that same spirit of optimism which has characterised this business and its workers from its first day we enter the sixth year determined to make its history full of progress and full of results. I now move: "That the directors' report and the balance-sheet for the 12 months ended 31st January, 1914, now presented to the meeting, be received and adopted, and that the following dividends be declared for payment on 1st April, 1914:—(a) On the Preference shares at the rate of 5 per cent. *per annum*, less income-tax, for the half-year ended 31st March, 1914, and (b) on the Ordinary shares 5 per cent., less income-tax, for the year ended 31st March, 1914."

Mr. Alfred E. Cowper seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

On the proposition of the chairman, seconded by Mr. Youngman, the appointment as directors of Messrs. P. A. Best, Alfred E. Cowper and F. Chitham was confirmed, and the auditors (Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co.) were re-elected.

The proceedings then terminated.

## LONDON &amp; THAMES HAVEN

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Limited, was held on Tuesday at Baltic Street, St. Mary Axe, E.C.

Sir Owen Philipps, the Chairman, presided, and said:—"It is some 36 years ago since this business was established, and the present company took it over from the previous company sixteen years ago. When I look back I find that for the last eight years we have been able to recommend to you the payment of a steady 8 per cent. *per annum*, and we are in the same position, I am glad to say, to-day. The usual depreciation has been written off, and the amount standing to the credit of the Central Wharf works as well as office furniture are extinguished from the balance-sheet. The reserve fund now amounts to £62,057, as during the year we were able to add £10,000 out of profits, and we also added the amount received as premium on the new shares paid up prior to 31st December. The balance carried forward is larger than that of last year, and is sufficient to satisfy any reasonable shareholder that the business is being conducted on very sound lines, and that the payment of regular dividends in the future is assured, as far as it reasonably can be assured by the Board of a commercial company. We have no Debentures of any kind, and the temporary loans have now all been extinguished. As already alluded to, the additions to works and plant have been considerable, and a large amount of new tankage has been erected on the west end of our property, the wharf which was formerly occupied by and acquired from the European Petroleum Company. The necessity of making these substantial additions to the works was alluded to when I addressed you last year, and events have shown that the expenditure has been necessary and profitable, as indicated by the accounts. We are now actively engaged in developing the Reedham property, which adjoins our other property, and is freehold. We are erecting there a number of tanks, which are expected to be available in the latter half of the present year. During the year we acquired 104 acres more freehold property—namely, the Oil Mill Farm. As you have noticed, a very large number of new tank steamers have been launched during the year, with the result that oil freights, which were so high that they were making business very difficult, are now back at what from a merchant's point of view can be considered very reasonable figures. Allusion has before been made to the suitability of our works at Thames Haven for the storage and distribution of liquid fuel. The point is so important that it should be repeated that the company has three deep-water piers—at least, it will have in a few months—capable of berthing the largest steamers afloat at any state of the tide. We have accommodated several vessels of approximately 16,000 tons carrying capacity each, so that it will be apparent to everyone how well the company is equipped for playing their part in this trade. As showing the great increase in the world's oil trade, I should like to mention that when the present company was formed in 1898 the total amount of tonnage of oil tank steamers afloat was under 400,000 tons; in 1913 the amount was 1,342,000 tons gross register, or an increase of nearly 1,000,000 tons in the last sixteen years. To show the proportion of the oil business of this country that this company carries on, I may mention that in 1913 over 22 per cent. of the total petroleum products imported into Great Britain was handled at the company's works, whilst over 68 per cent. of the motor spirit imported into the United Kingdom passed through your works at Thames Haven. I think that shows that the efforts we have made to meet the trade have been appreciated, and as long as this company works with and for the trade, helping its development in this great port, I am certain we may look forward to a prosperous future for the company."

## LAMPOR &amp; HOLT.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of Lampor & Holt, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at 36, Lime Street, E.C.

Sir Owen Philipps, the Chairman, presided, and said: "I have pleasure in moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. The business was founded in 1845, and the results now submitted to you are not only the best since the incorporation of the present Company, but the best results since the business was founded sixty-nine years ago. We again recommend a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 8 per cent., which anyone who examines the accounts will agree is a very moderate dividend under the circumstances, but the directors have thought it advisable, in view of the well-known fluctuations in the shipping trade, to still further strengthen the position of the Company by adding £100,000 to the reserve fund; so that, although the present Company only comparatively recently took over this old-established business, we have not only entirely extinguished the item of goodwill, but have built up a reserve fund of £200,000 and increased the amount carried forward from £17,000 to £55,000. In order to meet the requirements of the Company's steadily increasing business, we found it necessary during the past two years to purchase new steamers at somewhat high prices, which enabled the Company to take full advantage of the shipping boom, but in order that the Company should not be in any way handicapped in the future by having these new steamers standing in the books at somewhat high prices we have, out of profits, written off extra depreciation on these new steamers, so as to at once bring their book values down to the figure at which they could have been purchased in normal times. I am pleased to say that the Company's fleet, which now consists of 36 steamers, aggregating over 200,000 tons gross register, has been maintained in a high state of efficiency, and the business was never in a better position to meet whatever fluctuations in the shipping trade the future may have in store. I would like specially to draw your attention to the very large undivided balance of profit which we are carrying forward, as the directors are desirous of making the position of both the Debentures and Preference shares exceptionally sound and safe, and this result could in our opinion be best brought about by both building up a large reserve fund and also carrying forward a substantial amount of undivided profits. I am leaving England on Friday for South America, where, as you know, this Company is very largely interested. I was advised to postpone my visit owing to the fact that things are not as flourishing at the moment as they have been for some time past, but in my view it is easier to form a sound opinion of the possibilities in the future in times like the present than it is in times of great prosperity, when people are apt to make unduly sanguine estimates of future developments. I, personally, am a firm believer that the developments in South America which we have seen in past years have not yet reached their zenith, and that when the present clouds have rolled by we will see still further vast developments in the great friendly Republics of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, and the fact that this Company has during the past months entered into contracts for carrying large quantities of meat by its regular service between Buenos Ayres and New York is one indication of possible future developments which are bound in the long run to lead to enhanced prosperity."

Subsequently the following resolution was put to the meeting and carried unanimously:—"That the directors be and they are hereby authorised to increase the capital of the Company to £2,000,000 by the creation and issue of 200,000 new Preference shares of £10 each ranking as to dividend as to repayment of capital and arrears of dividend in the event of a winding-up and in all other respects *pari passu* with the 500,000 existing Preference shares of the Company and conferring upon the holders thereof such rights only of receiving notices of and attending and voting at general meetings of the Company as are by the Articles of Association of the Company conferred upon the holders of such existing Preference shares and by the creation and issue of 200,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each ranking as to dividend as to repayment of capital in the event of a winding-up and in all other respects *pari passu* with the 500,000 existing Ordinary shares of the Company."



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